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ELOISE K. HAY

Lord Jim: From Sketch to Novel

"TUAN JIM: A SKETCH," Conrad's original version of the first two chapters of *Lord Jim*, has rested in Harvard's manuscript collection for almost thirty-five years—since the year following Conrad's death, when Jessie Conrad his widow, harassed by a long sequence of unhappy events in her family and nearly incapacitated by lameness and diabetes, felt compelled to let it go.

I call it a version, for it is certainly more than a draft of the opening chapters we know. The penciled manuscript fills twenty-eight pages (fourteen recto and fourteen verso) in a small notebook. It presents a fully suggestive account of Lord Jim's self-exile "from the haunts of white men," a flashback to his years in the English merchant service, the shipboard accident that landed him in the hospital of an Eastern port, and his decision while convalescing to leave the "harder conditions" of the home service for an easy berth aboard the *Patna*. The manuscript Chapter Two ends roughly at the close of Chapter Two in the finished novel, with Jim on watch on the rusty old ship, sailing monotonously toward the entrance of the Red Sea.

This beginning, which Conrad dropped completely although he used much of its thought and even many of its sentences in the novel he finally published in 1900, is apparently the start he referred to when he wrote:

> my first thought was of a short story, concerned only with the pilgrim ship episode; nothing more. And that was a legitimate conception. After writing a few pages, however, I became for some reason discontented and I laid them aside for a time.[1]

[1] Author's Note, *Lord Jim*, Modern Library ed. (New York, 1931), p. viii.

Although the "Tuan Jim" version of the novel's beginning has been available in print for over three years,[2] there has been no published comment on the differences between this first draft and the final opening of the novel, and on what these differences might suggest concerning Conrad's original idea for the novel. Without indulging here in a word-by-word comparison of the two versions, we may note one important addition Conrad made while writing for the serial publication that began in October 1899.[3] The Harvard manuscript gives us nothing of Jim's tendency to cast himself in the role of a hero—a tendency which, in the serial version as in all editions of the book, was already fully developed in the first chapter, when Jim, as a boy aboard a training ship, met his first emergency situation, and failed in it.

The beginning of the Harvard manuscript is similar to the later version in that it opens with a visual impression of Jim after "the Intolerable drove him away from the haunts of white men."[4] At this point Jim is serving as water clerk to a ship's chandler in an Eastern port—or various Eastern ports, to be exact. In the published version, but not in the Harvard manuscript, the first chapter then gives us a four-page flashback to Jim's boyhood, telling of his decision to go to sea "after a course of light holiday literature," his apprenticeship aboard a "training-ship for officers of the mercantile marine," and his habit aboard ship of dreaming that he was "a man destined to shine in the midst of dangers." The published first chapter alone concludes with the account of a collision near the training ship during a gale, the boys scrambling into a cutter, and one of the boys heroically rescuing a man from the water. But Jim "stood still," paralyzed by the confusion of the emergency, his imagination lost in his dreams, unable to adjust to the immediate requirements of the situation. Then he wakes up and feels cheated, also contemptuous of the hero of the occasion: "The gale had ministered to a heroism as spurious as its own pretence of terror."

Eight chapters later in the novel we learn that the same paralysis,

[2] *Conrad Żywy*, ed. Wit Tarnawski (London, 1957). The manuscript, transcribed by Alexander Janta, is of course published in English, though the text of the book is Polish. A helpful English summary of the essays is appended.

[3] *Blackwood's Magazine*, CLXVI (1899), 441-459. The serial ran for fourteen numbers, ending in November 1900. Many minor changes were made after the serialization for the book. For a discussion of these and the difference between the English and American editions, see John D. Gordan, *The Making of a Novelist* (Cambridge, 1940), pp. 150-173; and George Whiting, "Conrad's Revision of *Lord Jim*," *English Journal* (College ed.), XXIII (1934), 824. In my essay I am concerned only with the major changes between sketch and novel, which would hold true for all published forms of the novel.

[4] "Tuan Jim: a Sketch" (Harvard MS Eng 46.5), p. 15 verso. As *Conrad Żywy* usefully records the manuscript pagination, I shall here follow suit.

"a strange illusion of passiveness," came over him when the *Patna* struck the submerged derelict. According to Marlow, who visualizes the catastrophe of the *Patna* with sympathetic insight, Jim's paralysis was the result not of an inert mentality but of an overactive imagination: "you must remember he was a finished artist in that peculiar way, he was a gifted poor devil with the faculty of swift and forestalling vision. The sights it showed him had turned him into cold stone . . ."[5] Coleridge's diagnosis of Hamlet's disability fits Jim very well. Jim's mind is afflicted by the "morbid excess" of one faculty, which leads him in critical moments to lose the "*equilibrium* between the real and the imaginary worlds," as a result of which "the images of his fancy are far more vivid than his actual perceptions."[6]

The effect of adding the training ship episode in the novel is more than incidental. It gives us a quick insight into the nature of Jim's "tragic flaw," which is then further revealed in Chapter Two. It illuminates, moreover, an aspect of Jim's fatal imagination that apparently had not occurred to Conrad when he was writing the sketch. Originally he had left the discussion of Jim's imagination until Chapter Two. Another of Jim's attributes—his ability—was more or less the subject of the original Chapter One. (It is perhaps significant that in the original manuscript Conrad capitalized "Ability" in Chapter One and did not capitalize "imagination" in Chapter Two. In the book "Ability" is capitalized in the first chapter and "Imagination" is also capitalized in the second.) Conrad's discussion of Jim's imagination in Chapter Two of the sketch is very similar to his revised discussion of it in the same chapter of the novel, but in the original sketch we must rely on what we learn in Chapter Two alone for our knowledge of Jim's early temperament.

In both "Tuan Jim" and the published novel we are told that, after Jim finished his training and went to sea, before he joined the *Patna*, there was only one occasion on which the "magic monotony . . . the prosaic severity" of the seaman's life had been interrupted for him by

[5] *Lord Jim*, p. 96.

[6] Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "Hamlet," *Complete Works*, ed. W. G. I. Shedd (New York, 1884), IV, 145. A sense of impending disaster, probably founded in childhood memories, seems to have been as ingrained in Conrad's temperament as it was in Lord Jim, who had had no such childhood experience. (Hence, perhaps, Conrad's inability to understand why Jim's sensitivities puzzled many of his English readers.) Conrad's early life, as seen through his uncle Tadeusz Bobrowski's letters particularly, makes us wonder to what extent his chronic drift toward reverie may have caused his fear of emergency situations—his fear aboard the *Vidar* that he would go blind like Captain Whalley, for instance—and to what extent his tendency to dreaming was itself caused by early experiences of disaster.

an emergency situation. In a storm so violent that his ship nearly foundered, a storm in which there appeared "on the face of facts a sinister violence of intention," he had been struck by a falling spar and consigned to his cabin for the rest of the voyage. When inactivity was thus forced upon him, his "faculty of swift and forestalling vision" atrophied. "Imagination, the enemy of men, the father of all terrors, unstimulated, sinks to rest in the dulness of exhausted emotion." This is the crucial psychological "event" of Chapter Two in both versions.[7]

At this point in the finished book, however, we realize that for Jim "imagination" has two striking features, has in fact a dual nature. On one side, so to speak, it carries him away from "reality" with images of his own possible heroic actions. On the other, when an emergency strikes, his imagination magnifies the horror beyond all grasp. Both aspects of this faculty working together rob him of the motor responses he needs in order to deal with experience. Because of the paralysis such an imagination forces upon him, he fails both aboard the *Patna* and later in Patusan, when the villainous Brown accidentally touches upon his old failure, reminding him of its tyrannous power over him and challenging him in effect to prove his mastery over it. Of course Jim remains its victim. Having pursued his dream of heroism and rehabilitation to a new land where he could begin anew, he has indeed driven his rival self to bay and won an illusory victory over it through action and the earned love of men who depend on him. But Brown revives the tyrannous faculty to its full force. If at this point Jim had another sinking ship to protect, he could have remained firm. He has conquered the part of his imagination that produces paralysis through fear, but he cannot learn how to keep it from distorting the objective requirements of the situation. Fidelity is now partly a matter of admitting the truth of Brown's insinuations, and he is so passionately conscious of his old guilt that he loses the power to judge Brown objectively.[8]

This time he does not desert the men whose lives depend on him, but he cannot take arms against the enemy. And this time no favoring fortune turns to save his dependents in his delinquency. They are massacred, and all Jim's work of years is obliterated in a bloody sacrifice. As he was man enough to accept the judgment due him while his fellow officers fled the trial of the *Patna* case, he now accepts the ultimate

[7] *Lord Jim*, p. 11; its rudimentary form is in "Tuan Jim," p. 20 verso.

[8] For a different, or at least a deeper, analysis of this passage, see Gustav Morf, *The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad* (London, 1930), pp. 152-159; Thomas Moser, *Joseph Conrad: Achievement and Decline* (Cambridge, Mass., 1957), *passim*; and Albert J. Guerard, *Conrad the Novelist* (Cambridge, Mass., 1958), pp. 149-151.

sentence for his ultimate crime. Weary of failure and yet disdainful of men who never shared his exalted vision, he goes out to meet his executioner. "He was overwhelmed by the inexplicable; he was overwhelmed by his own personality—the gift of that destiny which he had done his best to master."[9]

Such is the history of Jim's *psychomachia* in the finished novel. In the original sketch, imagination of a kind was obviously to be the fatal "gift" that would force Jim to desert the *Patna*. The sketch gives us, furthermore, the clue that, after leaving the sea for good, Jim would make his way to a Malayan village where he would be known as Tuan Jim. Knowing how Conrad worked in his first two novels and the unfinished *Rescue*, which must have been outlined in his mind at the time, we could safely predict that "Tuan Jim" already foreshadows that Jim's fatal flaw will be active to the end of the story, perhaps leading to his death (like Willems' failings in *An Outcast of the Islands*); or at least leading to the failure of his hopes (as the illusions of Almayer and of Tom Lingard had led to failure in *Almayer's Folly* and *The Rescue*).

What is missing from "Tuan Jim" is any mention of the dual nature of Jim's imagination. Here we are told, to be sure, that he is a youth of "exquisite sensibility," who has developed a "provoking and brutal stare"[10] as a shield against all possible mention of the intolerable—his desertion of the *Patna*. But there is no reference to or suggestion of the quality of self-idealization which plays so prominent a part in the finished novel. Already in the sketch we learn that he will come to be called "Lord Jim," which in the finished novel is so appropriate to one who has from boyhood fancied himself destined to be a savior of men. But almost any white man in Malaya, as we know from Conrad's other novels, could be known as "Tuan." In the sketch we find one key sentence that could be interpreted to reflect Jim's inflated egoism: "he became chief mate of a fine ship without ever having been tested by those events of the sea that . . . reveal the quality of [a man's] resistance and the secret truth of his pretences, not only to others but also to himself."[11] Again, however, this is not necessarily a suggestion of Jim's pretensions to heroism. We can recall that most of the main characters of the first two novels and *The Rescue* had "pretences," illusions about themselves that could not stand the test of events. They did not, however, like the fully developed Jim, indulge in grandiose visions.

The manuscript sketch carries the reader in twenty-eight pages up

[9] *Lord Jim*, p. 341.
[10] "Tuan Jim," p. 15 verso.
[11] *Ibid.*, pp. 17 verso-18 recto.

to the *Patna's* smooth voyage toward the entry of the Red Sea (p. 15 of the novel). Nothing significant is left out of the novel that was in the sketch, and nothing significant is added to the sketch to make the novel —except the incident aboard the training ship that reveals the duality of Jim's imagination, particularly with respect to his illusions of grandeur.

We do not need this episode to foresee, in the sketch, that Jim's imaginative faculty will be the determining force in his life. Although Chapter One of the sketch gives no idea of Jim's motives in going to sea, the beginning of Chapter Two tells us that, after two years of training, "he went to sea, and entering into the regions so well known to his imagination, found them singularly barren of adventures."[12] It appears that Jim went to sea very much as Conrad tells us in *A Personal Record* he went himself, in response to a mysterious appeal of "innocent adventure,"[13] or at worst of "romantic folly."[14] Like Jim, Conrad had found the sea less glamorous in reality than in books, but, like Jim too, he had learned his lesson manfully and passed all examinations with distinction. No less autobiographical, in a way, is Jim's "air of overbearing watchfulness."[15] It is quite in keeping with the typical, "unforgettable Englishman" in *A Personal Record* whose face revealed a "headlong exalted satisfaction."[16] It is true that, after he was disabled by a falling spar in the sketch, Jim "was secretly glad he had not to go on deck."[17] But Conrad immediately explains: "exhausted courage is the result of exhausted emotion, and in the motionless body imagination, this enemy of man and the father of all terror, rests in a slumber that resembles the peace of conscious resignation."[18] And this, too, was straight from Conrad's life, as he later described the results of his own disablement after the same kind of accident:

> inexplicable periods of powerlessness, sudden accesses of mysterious pain; and the patient agreed fully with the regretful murmurs of his very attentive captain wishing that it had been a straightforward broken leg. Even the Dutch doctor ... offered no scientific explanation. All he said was: 'Ah, friend, you are young yet; it may be very serious for your whole life.'[19]

In the manuscript Conrad struggled for over three pages to clarify his conception of Jim's imagination at the start. Apparently the state

[12] *Ibid.*, p. 17 recto.
[13] *A Personal Record* (London, 1946) p. xiv.
[14] *Ibid.*, p. 43.
[15] "Tuan Jim," p. 16 recto.
[16] *A Personal Record*, p. 40.
[17] "Tuan Jim," p. 19 recto.
[18] *Ibid.*, p. 19 verso.
[19] *The Mirror of the Sea* (London, 1946), pp. 54-55.

of Jim's courage bothered him especially, for he crossed out "exhausted courage is the result of exhausted emotion" and put "passive courage is easy since it is a sign that imagination . . . is asleep in a motionless body."[20] Finally he crossed out the question of courage altogether, or perhaps deferred it, reducing the three pages to one sentence for the published novel: "The fear grows shadowy; and Imagination, the enemy of men, the father of all terrors, unstimulated sinks to rest in the dulness of exhausted emotion."[21]

In the manuscript, curiously, Conrad seems as eager to excuse Jim's moral lapse in joining the *Patna*, rather than a home ship, as if the problem were his own. (The steamship *Vidar*, which Conrad joined after his hospitalization in Singapore, was indeed an "Eastern ship," principally owned by an Arab.)[22] This would make sense if he did in fact begin by identifying the romantic youth with himself emotionally[23] while giving him the physical traits of a typical Englishman, according to his early idealized notion. The story originally contemplated was evidently a sort of *Hamlet* of the sea, with the difference that Jim's imaginative faculty would have forced him to two failures, one aboard the *Patna* and one in Patusan. As in *Hamlet*, the hero's imagination would have been the mark of his superiority as well as the cause of his undoing. Hamlet was no egoist, and neither was the original Jim. Jim was no less and no more than what we find him to be in Chapter Two of both sketch and novel.

In both versions of this chapter the imagination that made Jim go to sea deserted him after he was crippled by a falling spar, during his

[20] "Tuan Jim," p. 20 recto.

[21] *Lord Jim*, p. 11.

[22] G. Jean-Aubry gives an account of the circumstances in which Conrad joined the *Vidar* in *La Vie de Conrad*, translated by Helen Sebba as *The Sea Dreamer* (New York, 1957), pp. 119-120.

[23] That Conrad was often arrested by accounts of actual villainies, which "sprang to life" for him when his mind sought extenuating circumstances for renegades who had committed them, is now commonly recognized. Lord Jim was based on one of the officers who abandoned an actual ship named the *Jeddah*. Nostromo has recently been traced by John Halverson and Ian Watt (*RES*, n.s., X, 1959, 45-52) to another unregenerate criminal. The originals of Gaspar Ruiz and Razumov are other examples among Conrad's characters, to mention only two. The question of why Conrad manipulated characters in this way, however, is far more complex than has been fully explained. That he was sympathetic with anarchistic types is one suggestion, but this does not adequately explain why he made villains, more villainous than the life, rather than heroes out of certain anarchistic figures. Kurtz in *Heart of Darkness* and Peter Ivanovitch in *Under Western Eyes* are good examples. Clearly Conrad had a more discerning consciousness of law and lawbreaking than would be indicated if his leaning were consistently toward lawlessness.

first bad storm at sea. This is Jim's first emergency situation in the sketch, his second in the novel. And because this catastrophe, in the sketch, merely cripples him without testing his moral stamina, the atrophy of his imagination leads quite simply and logically to his decision to join the *Patna*. In the novel, when the element of self-idealization is added in the training-ship episode, the reader should feel Jim's surrender to the easy life of the Eastern seas as a second and more serious moral lapse. At this point in the sketch, one's attention is drawn rather to Jim's gradual, almost imperceptible regression from the weeks of his hospital life, through the period of his unsuccessful search for a home ship, to the easy job he takes aboard the *Patna*. And, in the sketch, Conrad had already provided Jim with a strong alibi immediately after the accident, making the failure of his mental powers a perfectly normal reaction of his physical disability:

> Imagination . . . must have something to feed upon, otherwise it sinks to rest. One admits the possibility of being struck from behind in sleep or in the dark, but one does not believe in it till the blow comes. It is otherwise when meeting the danger with brain, eye and hand.[24]

The second and third sentences of this passage, and the imperative "must" of the first—Conrad's valid justification for Jim's apostasy—are missing in the finished novel, so that only a hint of the apology is allowed to remain. In the sketch, however, because of this justification, Jim's defense seems to grow stronger as his resolve weakens. While already in a state of mental flaccidity, he "had to go to the hospital. His recovery was slow and when the ship left he had to remain."[25] Life in the hospital is langorous and makes a subtle appeal to his slumbering imagination, to his tendency to indulge in dreams without reference to mundane experience: "The gentle breeze entered from the wide windows" carrying "suggestions of endless dreams."[26] Unaware of his condition, he is released from the hospital.

> When he could walk without a stick he descended into the town to look for some chance to get home. Nothing offered at once and while waiting he associated naturally with the men of his calling belonging to the port. These were of two kinds. Some . . . had an undefaced energy . . . Others were men who like himself[27]

[24] "Tuan Jim," p. 20 verso.

[25] *Ibid.*, p. 21 recto and verso.

[26] *Ibid.*, p. 21 verso.

[27] The sentence beginning "Others were men who like himself," etc. is less ambiguous in the final book than in the sketch, for in the book the tense of the final verb is "had become officers," making it clear that "like himself" applies only to Jim's being thrown by accident into the port. There is no suggestion that Jim is like them at the start in any other way, though he too did later become an officer of a country ship. He was not like the first type because he had not deliberately broken his ties with England to go East.

thrown there by some accident, became officers of country ships. They had the horror of the home service with its hard conditions . . . They . . . would have served the devil had he made it only easy enough . . . and in their persons could be detected . . . the soft spot, the place of decay.[28]

Because of the mental lassitude that has come over Jim in convalescence, he falls prey to the moral lassitude of the second sort. In the novel at this point we are less certain than we are in the sketch that Jim, in his right mind, would resist "an unconditional surrender to the charm of a loafing existence."[29] But after he had "listened for days to the endless professional gossip of these men . . . some responsive chord in his nature was struck and he let himself go."

Thus in both sketch and novel, as to some extent in Conrad's life, a crippling accident forces Jim's fatal imagination to become detached from the objective necessities of life and, as a result, he falls prey to the seductions of an irresponsible crowd of men. In the finished novel, however, we are made to understand that the moral lapse leading to betrayal of a trust was all the more tragic because it occurred in a man who desperately wanted to prove himself heroic.

If it is true that Conrad changed his original conception of Jim's psychology, adding the heroic "thrust" later on, there may have been two very good reasons. First, he may have been troubled by a weakness in his original conception and therefore, as he says, put it aside for a time. Second, something may have occurred to him—a new and more ominous disability that could affect Jim's mind—sending him back to the manuscript with fresh interest. Some such change in thought seems implied when Conrad writes in the Author's Note to *Lord Jim* that he suddenly "perceived that the pilgrim ship episode was a good starting point for a free and wandering tale; that it was an event, too, which could conceivably color the whole 'sentiment of existence' in a simple and sensitive character."[30] He goes on to say that the original few pages "were not without their weight," but that "the whole was rewritten deliberately," and that he knew the revised version would be a long book, though not so long as it in fact became.

All this appears quite appropriate to the differences we have noted between the first two chapters in the sketch and in the book, particularly when Conrad says that "the whole was deliberately rewritten," which is true only in the matter of conceptualizing Jim's imagination. What is not so apparent and can only be a matter of guesswork is why Conrad came only later to see the pilgrim episode as an event "which could

[28] "Tuan Jim," pp. 22 recto-23 verso.
[29] *Ibid.*, p. 23 verso.
[30] *Lord Jim*, p. viii.

conceivably color the whole 'sentiment of existence' in a simple and sensitive character."

In suggesting a possible answer, I must point out that it has long been assumed without sufficient evidence that Conrad wrote the Harvard manuscript in the spring of 1898, when he first mentioned to Garnett the stories he was planning to write for William Blackwood.[31] Conrad tells us in the Author's Note just mentioned, however, that the first pages of *Jim* had already been put aside in a drawer when Blackwood "suggested I should give him something again."

A stronger argument against the notion that Conrad began "Tuan Jim" in 1898 might be made from consideration of the notebook in which he set down these two chapters. I have found myself looking at the little leather notebook with its water-stained cover and imagining that it was among the keepsakes Conrad had among his possessions, along with the half-finished manuscript of *Almayer's Folly*, when his boat nearly capsized in the Congo rapids between Kinchassa and Leopoldville in 1890.[32] It would be possible, even, to think that it was in the trunk carrying things he had on the Congo trip which Jessie Conrad says turned up unexpectedly in France on their honeymoon.[33] If so, possibly he took out the little book as early as that, in the summer of 1896, and wrote in it the first two chapters of "Tuan Jim," based on an actual sea disaster that had occurred in 1880. It is difficult to think why, if not then, Conrad would have used that heirloom, a commonplace book in which his maternal grandmother, Teofila Bobrowska,[34] had copied a number of Polish poems that took her fancy and made a landscape sketch in brown ink, as a present for her husband in 1819.

The book had undoubtedly been passed on to Conrad by his uncle Tadeusz Bobrowski, either in 1890 when Conrad visited him before going to the Congo or at Bobrowski's death in 1894. Conrad was in the habit of using full, standard or legal-size, sheets of paper for his manuscripts. The only sewn notebooks among his manuscripts are the two Congo diaries (also at Harvard and also written in pencil, but showing a handwriting decidedly more angular than "Tuan Jim") and the Polish commonplace book. All three notebooks were later scrupulously guarded by Jessie Conrad, apparently because of Conrad's penchant for destroying his manuscripts as soon as he was done with them.

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[31] Undated letter to Edward Garnett, which Garnett places in May 1898. *Letters from Joseph Conrad* (Indianapolis, 1928), pp. 137-138.

[32] *A Personal Record*, p. 14.

[33] Jessie Conrad, *Joseph Conrad and His Circle* (New York, 1934), pp. 32-34.

[34] G. Jean-Aubry, *The Sea Dreamer*, pp. 17, 47.

Besides using the book for his first sketch of *Lord Jim*, Conrad made a brief note in it for a scene of *The Rescue*. It may be significant that this bit of *The Rescue* was penciled on the back of the last page of the "Tuan Jim" sketch. *The Rescue* fragment appears to be a note for Part III, Chapter V of the novel, on which Conrad was working in June 1898,[35] and possibly later. As early as July 1896, however, and in France, he wrote to Garnett that he was "setting Beatrix [originally the name of Edith Travers], her husband and Linares (the Spanish gent) on their feet."[36] And, in the novel as conceived from the beginning, Part III was to be the section where these people would be first fully introduced.[37]

There are other notes on other pages of the little notebook following the "Tuan Jim" sketch which may be of interest to other scholars. What interests me here is only the possibility that Conrad carried the idea for *Lord Jim* in his head for at least two years before June 1898, when he sent Blackwood's eighteen typescript pages of it[38]—possibly more or less a copy of the notebook sketch. That the rest of the "story" did not come easily to him even then is apparent from the fact that over a year later he had written only three chapters in all, and these not even finished, when he informed Blackwood's in July 1899 that he was sending thirty-one pages of *Jim*.[39]

This was by no means the first time that Blackwood had asked him "again" for a story, but Conrad was under particular pressure in July 1899 to complete the volume of which the finished "Youth" and *Heart of Darkness* were to be a part. In February 1899 Conrad was not yet sure that *Jim* would be long enough to complete such a volume.[40] He was still thinking, apparently, only of the pilgrim-ship episode. By June, however, it seems evident, he had begun to see the story as a long tale, falling into two parts[41]—probably he had by then decided to make Jim's life in Patusan as important as the events leading up to his desertion of the *Patna* and his trial. Patusan would balance *Patna* not only in

[35] Garnett, p. 139.

[36] *Ibid.*, p. 61.

[37] For a discussion of the original manuscript of *The Rescue*, see Thomas Moser, "The 'Rescuer' Manuscript: A Key to Conrad's Development—and Decline," *Harvard Library Bulletin*, X (1956), 325-355.

[38] *Joseph Conrad: Letters to William Blackwood and David S. Meldrum*, ed. William Blackburn (Durham, N.C., 1958), p. 21.

[39] *Ibid.*, p. 58. It is unfortunate that neither this typescript of the first two chapters nor the eighteen pages Conrad sent Blackwood's a year earlier seem to have survived. The fragmentary typescript in the Rosenbach collection begins much later.

[40] *Ibid.*, p. 54.

[41] Garnett, p. 154.

length but in the very sounds of the names. Conrad was delighted with the new plan, though he later had misgivings about it when he wrote Garnett, "You've put your finger on the plague spot. The division of the book into two parts . . . "[42]

Whatever changed his mind about the tale between his writing of the two chapters in "Tuan Jim" and his revision of these chapters as they stand in the novel in all likelihood occurred between February 1899—when he wrote Blackwood he was not sure *Jim* would be long enough to make a volume with "Youth" and *Heart of Darkness*—and July 1899, when he knew the story would be novel length, "fully 40,000 words,"[43] presumably tracing "the 'sentiment of existence' in a simple and sensitive character."

We know of at least once circumstance occurring in these five months that affected Conrad strongly and may have left its mark upon the work that engaged him most during the period. In March 1899 a Polish critic and philosopher named Vincent Lutoslawski, who had been living in Boston and had visited Conrad in England, published an article mentioning Conrad in *Kraj* (The Country), a Polish journal published in St. Petersburg. The article, titled "The Emigration of Talents," defended the thesis that Poles, either living abroad or naturalized in foreign countries, were able to serve the cause of Poland as loyally as people who remained at home. "The work produced is Polish," Lutoslawski wrote, "even though it is published in a foreign language, for it is the fruit of the Polish spirit, differing from that of other nations." Lutoslawski said he could not "bring a charge of disaffection for their native country against those who could not remain in a suffocating atmosphere, who courageously went forth to take part in the universal struggle for the conquest of material or moral riches, a large part of which would be returned to their homeland."[44] Naming Conrad as an example of such émigrés, he quoted Conrad's words spoken during their visit together in 1896: "I should never have dared to foist my attempts upon the beautiful literature of Poland."[45]

Lutoslawski's article brought forth an impassioned protest in the next issue of *Kraj* by a famous Polish woman, Eliza Orzeszkowa, who singled out Conrad's name among the émigrés Lutoslawski had mentioned because Conrad, like herself, was a novelist. Emotion carried her to assumptions far from true concerning Conrad's literary success

[42] *Ibid.*, p. 171.
[43] *Letters to William Blackwood*, p. 59.
[44] Joseph Ujejski, *Joseph Conrad*, tr. Pierre Duméril (Paris, 1939). I have translated from the French where this work is quoted. The original is in Polish.
[45] Jean-Aubry, p. 237.

in England at the time. She referred to him as "this gentleman, author of novels written in English which are all the rage and lucrative as one could wish."[46] With female precision she found her way to one of Conrad's most sensitive nerves. His inability to support his family by his pen was an embarrassment all the more acute because of his ingrained prejudice against money-making—a prejudice common among Polish nobles, who traditionally supported themselves from their lands, in professions, or by services to the state. Behind Orzeszkowa's words rang a clarion call to heroism, familiar to all Poles.

> Is this the way creative artists should associate in the exodus? Till now it was a question only of engineers, public prosecutors [?], and opera singers. And now they are ready to absolve writers! If it were a matter of chemistry or even philosophy [a jab at Lutoslawski], I might see certain reasons for editing them in foreign languages; but if it is a question of the novel, a fragment of creative effort, then I am involved. I know our commitments to the corps, *fort comme la mort*, and with all my strength I protest. Creative gifts are the floral crown, the crest of the tower, the very heart of the nation. And this flower, this crest, this heart, to see it torn from our nation and surrendered to the Anglo-Saxons, who lack nothing among the goods of this world, and for the lovely reason that they pay better! . . . And to top everything, this gentleman has to bear what name? That of his direct ancestor, perhaps, that Joseph Korzeniowski[47] whose novels made me spill my first tears and feel the first flames of noble ardor and virtuous resolutions. No little Polish girl will shed a generous tear or form a magnanimous resolution on the novels of Mr. Konrad Korzeniowski . . . but on reflection, this incident brings me only a moderate sadness, for I have faith in real creative genius and I do not suppose that ours ever wanted to respond to the call of a canteen woman or a saleswoman of the marketplace.[48]

We do not know that Conrad read the issues of *Kraj* in which his case was argued, though it would have been natural for Lutoslawski to send him a copy of at least the first. But it appears that Orzeszkowa wrote him a letter. He harbored the memory of it fifteen years later when in 1914 his cousin Angela Zagórska unwittingly suggested that he read one of Orzeszkowa's novels. "Don't bring me anything from that shrew . . . She wrote me a letter once," he replied cryptically.[49]

His most direct answer to this woman was in Chapter Two of *A Personal Record*. Most interesting for our consideration of the revisions of "Tuan Jim" are his words concerning his own peculiar loyalty: "The inner voice may remain true enough in its secret counsel. The

[46] Ujejski, p. 16.

[47] This novelist and dramatist, who lived from 1791 to 1863, was not directly related to Conrad, according to his own account. He mentions this to Garnett the following year, as if the subject were fresh in his mind. Garnett, p. 165.

[48] Ujejski, pp. 16-17.

[49] *Ibid.*, p. 18.

fidelity to a special tradition may last through the events of an unrelated existence, following faithfully too the traced way of an inexplicable impulse." Jim's apparent disloyalty to the special tradition of the English merchant service was no measure of the truth of his "inner voice." But only after Orzeszkowa's tirade did Conrad see that Jim's desertion of the *Patna* "could conceivably color [his] whole sentiment of existence"—for Jim, too, an "unrelated existence," unrelated not to Poland, but to England and the sea.

Since Conrad began *Lord Jim* before Orzeszkowa's attack, the novel certainly could not have been first conceived as an answer to her, as Jean-Aubry and Ujejski imply it was. Furthermore, a careful reading of the novel shows that Conrad's view of Jim was less, not more, sympathetic with Jim after Orzeszkowa's outburst than before it. As we have seen, the original "Tuan Jim" traced Jim's moral lapse aboard the *Patna* to nothing more reprehensible than an overactive imagination and the effects of immobilization after an accident. If Conrad had begun the novel by identifying Jim with himself, even to the extent of questioning how a sensitive and highly responsible man could desert a position of public trust, it is possible to suppose that the argument in *Kraj*, with its emotional references to "the Polish spirit," revived in Conrad a memory of his past that suggested another dimension for Jim's dilemma.

Lutoslawski's earnest concern with "the Polish spirit, differing from that of other nations," and how this spirit could be served even by those who had left Poland for good, struck a note that shook the nerves of many among the Polish intelligentsia who had been nurtured on the idea that every Pole was an integral part of a sacred number, of a sacred body that must not be desecrated. This latter analogy had been carried to mystical heights by Poland's romantic poets, particularly Mickiewicz,[50] who likened the body of Poland and her members to the figure of Christ, the suffering servant. But even the more mundane among Polish patriots kept the faith that Poland was undergoing a period of privation in the nineteenth century which would end in a glorious resurrection, but which must for the present be borne heroically as a continuing proof of Poland's moral superiority among the nations. The living members must be content to be momentarily forgotten, must not seek personal happiness, but must live only for the resurrection of the whole. This idea and faith had become the ruling passion of Conrad's

[50] For a discussion of Adam Mickiewicz's messianic revelation, derived from the mystic Towianski, see Wiktor Weintraub, *The Poetry of Adam Mickiewicz* (The Hague, 1954).

father, especially after the death of his wife, during his exile in Russia when he wrote an essay called *Poland and Russia* and had it smuggled abroad for publication.[51]

Conrad's attitude toward this generative myth was evidently very complex. "The spirit of the land, as becomes the ruler of great enterprises, is careless of innumerable lives. Woe to the stragglers! We exist only in so far as we hang together." These words, in the mouth of the English Marlow as he begins the story of Jim's life in Patusan (Chapter Twenty-One), remind us that Marlow's pervading uncertainty about Jim's very existence casts a political shadow which is certainly more Polish than English. But there is a suggestion of critical irony in Marlow's image of "the spirit of the land," a suggestion of resistance to this spirit.

We see something of Conrad's own resistance to his political heritage in the ambivalent description he gave Garnett of the fanatic patriot who was his own father, "a man of great sensibilities; of exalted and dreamy temperament; with a terrible gift of irony and of gloomy disposition; withal of strong religious feeling degenerating after the loss of his wife into mysticism touched with despair."[52] Something of this man's character seems to have gone into the remodeling of Jim when Conrad began his story again in 1899.

Apollo Korzeniowski, Conrad's father, was a complex man—a poet, a satirical dramatist, and a translator of Shakespeare and French romantic poetry—not a man of simple character like Jim. But like Jim of the novel, he was a man who dreamed of saving people, the people of Poland. And like the fully developed Jim, his actions had the opposite effect from what he hoped. Korzeniowski and his wife gave up their lives to free Poland, pinning their faith on the rebellion of 1863, which Korzeniowski helped to foment, but which failed and tore down with it many of the painful gains won by Poland in the previous decades. Conrad's uncle Tadeusz Bobrowski commented dryly on Korzeniowski's heroic sacrifice after his death, remarking that his dreams had betrayed him: "I assert only that in general poets, men of imagination and ideals, are not capable of clearly formulating the concrete postulates of existence."[53]

Korzeniowski was far from unique among Poles. The poet rebel was a revered figure among a people deprived of representative states-

[51] Czeslaw Miłosz, "Apollo Nałecz Korbeniowski," *Kultura* (Paris), Feb. 1956, p. 76. This article was translated for me from the Polish by Mrs. Walter Drzewieniecki.

[52] Garnett, p. 167.

[53] Milosz, p. 70.

men, who had a political voice only under fictive disguises. Like the more famous political exile and poet Adam Mickiewicz, Korzeniowski borrowed from religion and poetry romantic myths prognosticating the rebirth of Poland. Warning Conrad against any such fantasies, Bobrowski wrote:

> Our country, as Slowacki well says (although he himself was not free from the reproach), is the 'peacock of the nations,' which, in plain prose, means that we are a nation who consider ourselves great and misunderstood, the possessors of a greatness which others do not recognize and will never recognize. If individuals and nations would set duty before themselves as an aim, instead of grandiose ideals, the world would be a happier place. . . . I have taken the motto *'usque ad finem'* as my guide, the love of the duty which circumstances define.[54]

Bobrowski and other Polish historians, brooding on the fiasco of 1863, probed into the motives of its leaders, distrustful of their heroic devotion. Bobrowski wrote that, although Korzeniowski

> considered himself a sincere democrat (and others considered him as a 'fanatic' and 'red'), he had in him, as I often tried to persuade him, a hundred more times the aristocratic instinct than I had myself—I who never passed for a democrat.[55]

Just recently Czeslaw Milosz has returned to the question of Korzeniowski's interest in "the people," apart from his own dream of their use. "It wasn't that Korzeniowski scorned the people, but he sought in it essentially a capacity for national élan."[56]

Under Bobrowski's careful schooling, Conrad resisted the powerful influence of his father's personality and ideas. There is every evidence that Korzeniowski, while deprecating his personal qualities, sought to make Conrad in his own image: "a good Pole," that is, a man (such as Orzeszkowa might have respected) who would sacrifice everything for a heroic dream, the dream of national liberation.

Korzeniowski died when Conrad was eleven years old. Bobrowski became Conrad's guardian and systematically set about curing him of his father's influence. He strove to make sure that Conrad's "inexplicable impulse" to go to sea should not turn into a "romantic folly." Perhaps aware that Conrad's overpowering urge to free himself of what even Orzeszkowa allowed might be "suffocating" associations, in

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[54] Jean-Aubry, *Joseph Conrad: Life and Letters* (New York, 1927), I, 148. Wiktor Weintraub has called my attention to Jean-Aubry's mistranslation of "peacock of the nations," a quotation from Slowacki which Jean-Aubry's translator recorded as " 'pan' of the nations." Cf. the Polish original of Bobrowski's letter, published by Jablkowska, "Listy Tadeuza Bobrowskiego do Conrada," *Kwartalnik Neofilologiczny*, III, 110-111.

[55] Miłosz, p. 69.

[56] *Ibid.*, p. 70.

a land representing nothing so much as a coffin where his loved ones were buried alive, Bobrowski was concerned that he should not transfer his father's self-idealizing fantasies to the life at sea, expansive as the plains of Poland but free, and possibly also a symbol of irresponsibility. As late as 1891, when Conrad was thirty-three, Bobrowski was warning him to be on his guard against the idealization of self and of Poland that he called "the defects of the House of Nałecz." And the following year again: "Your weakness comes from the Nałecz Korzeniowski. Your grandfather and uncle were always entertaining projects which had no validity except in their imaginations . . . Your father was an idealistic dreamer."[57]

Bobrowski died in 1894. How deeply his words affected Conrad we know, not only from the reverence in which he held the memory of his uncle, to whom he dedicated his first novel, but also in the impression of Bobrowski's wisdom traceable in Conrad's life and work. The motto *usque ad finem* might be that of every Conrad hero, from his unimaginative men of duty like the captains Allstoun and MacWhirr to tragic dreamers like Charles Gould and the Russian Razumov. But here is the wonder: through the alchemy of his genius Conrad breathed fire into the ashes of old wisdom and found the romance and tragedy inherent in the dry cautions of his lawyer uncle's confirmed stoicism. *Usque ad finem* becomes in *Lord Jim* the blazon not of the "realists" who scorn Jim's dream but of the romantic Stein, who sanctifies Jim's fidelity to his ego ideal. "That was the way. To follow the dream, and again to follow the dream."[58] Marlow, Jim's father confessor, finds relief in Stein's benediction on Jim, even though, as Albert J. Guerard reminds us, Jim's fidelity turns out to be "a truth and constancy to the exalted egoism rather than to Marlow's own strong sense of community obligation."[59] Thanks to Stein, Marlow says, Jim's "imperishable reality came to me with a convincing, with an irresistible force."[60]

When Conrad added to the sketch of "Tuan Jim" the halo and curse of Jim's romantic egoism, he introduced a theme which was, though few of his English readers recognized it, a matter of concern to all Poland, and perhaps through Poland to all Europe. Conrad knew that the Polish heroic ideal was potentially deceptive though irresistibly seductive. Even Bobrowski, an admirable public servant who had spent his life resisting the Polish tendency to quixotic idealism, was not perfectly immune. For, while exhorting Conrad to take citizenship in any

[57] Jean-Aubry, *Life and Letters*, I, 146.
[58] *Lord Jim*, pp. 214-215.
[59] *Conrad the Novelist*, p. 141.
[60] *Lord Jim*, p. 216.

land where he could make a useful life for himself, Bobrowski had reminded him never to forget what he owed "to the nobility of the race"—meaning nation—to which he belonged and would always belong wherever else he placed his allegiance.[61] Clearly Conrad remembered. But the study of nobility became for him more than a question of how he represented Poland. It became an inquiry into man's power for loyalty and sacrifice to causes both good and evil, which are likely to shift deceptively between public and private goals.

One cannot measure, one can only suggest the extent to which Conrad's efforts to control illusions about himself and his "race" became in his fiction a voice struggling to censure sympathetic dreamers, the greatest of whom was Jim. We must not forget, at the same time, that this same struggle may have armed Conrad with his unambivalent insights into culture heroes like Kurtz in *Heart of Darkness.*

If the argument in *Kraj* about his own exemplification of the Polish spirit, recalling his father's ghost and the ghost of Polish romanticism, brought to his mind a new way of regarding Jim's fatal imagination, it is obvious, however, that Conrad was not simply defending Jim and indirectly himself. Jim was plainly guilty, and more guilty than ever, we have seen, as his motives became more heroic. But, between the early sketch and the finished novel, the simple Jim also grew into a superb and unforgettable tragic figure. Into the new draft came a new tension, a straining to express to uncomprehending readers, English perhaps more than Polish, the power and glory of Jim's self-defeating ideal. The narrator Marlow cannot resist him, but paradoxically identifies his own yearning for proof of the seaman's code (his yearning for belief in the power of an absolute and unchangeable standard of conduct) with Jim's determination to redeem his failure under the code. It was as if Jim "had been an individual in the forefront of his kind, as if the obscure truth involved were momentous enough to affect mankind's conception of itself."[62] While half-despising his own liking for Jim, Marlow can find no one, even among the seamen who are true to the code, who is true as Jim is true—in full knowledge of his capacity for unwitting betrayal. Jim's dream of heroism, egotistical as it may be, may also be—like the Polish "spirit"—the burning energy without which any fixed standard of conduct is a cold shell, or "a bit of ass's skin,"[63] as the realist Chester calls the English officer's certificate in *Lord Jim.*

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[61] Jean-Aubry, *Life and Letters,* I, 59.
[62] *Lord Jim,* p. 93.
[63] *Ibid.,* p. 162.

There is good reason to suppose that Marlow rescued Conrad at a critical moment in the writing of *Lord Jim,* at the point where Conrad decided to shape Jim's character more rigorously by introducing the heroic obsession. At this point he would have wanted, perhaps needed, another character in whom he could pour the full measure of his ambivalence toward men who consider themselves larger than life size. Marlow is nowhere in evidence in the two chapters of "Tuan Jim." Of course, even in the novel he does not enter the picture until Chapter Four, which seems not to have been written until the summer of 1899. We may recall too that Conrad, in February 1899, was thinking of *Jim* as a story to finish the *Youth volume,* that he wrote *Heart of Darkness* as well as "Youth" with Marlow as narrator, and may have decided as early as the summer of 1898 (when he told Garnett the Congo story he had in mind to write) that Marlow could serve as a connecting link between "Youth," *Heart of Darkness,* and the story of Jim. In any case, when Jim's tale became so much more involved than it started out to be, Marlow was there to argue Jim's brief as both prosecutor and defense attorney.

The power of Conrad's feeling for Jim, as well as the force of his judgment against him, are the responses of a man mightily involved on two planes, one personal and one public, with the dynamics of good and evil. The evil in *Lord Jim* is one thing on the surface and another beneath our grasp. It is of course the evil of men who have no sense of loyalty to anything, like the villainous *Patna* officers and like Cornelius and Brown. Less recognizably perhaps, it is the evil of "realists" like Chester and Brierly (as opposed to romanticists like Jim and Stein, characterized by their ability to persevere in spite of, possibly even *because of,* their knowledge of human frailty and suffering), who think there is nothing to life but external facts. But there is evil also in the impulses we uncritically call "good," generous yearnings like Jim's heroic ideal, that may give life its whole meaning but may also destroy the very things it hopes to save. Insofar as one can take a moral stand on this hidden Lucifer, Conrad strove to take one in *Lord Jim* and achieved, I think, a remarkable if precarious balance.

The probable influence on the finished novel of Eliza Orzeszkowa's attack, and the general argument about the Polish spirit that was published in St. Petersburg, has been hardly mentioned by English-speaking critics. Conrad's devoted biographer Jean-Aubry (*La Vie de Conrad,* 1947) was the first writer in a Western language to refer to it, probably taking his lead from the French translation in 1939 of Joseph Ujejski's *Joseph Conrad,* where the subject is treated in some

detail. Both Ujejski and Jean-Aubry assumed that the novel was conceived as an answer to Orzeszkowa's charge of disloyalty, perhaps giving more weight than it deserved to Gustav Morf's "strong conviction, sprung from a psychological analysis of the novel" (and published in 1930) that *Lord Jim* "is more than a novel, it is a confession. As a confession of a man tortured by doubts and nightmarish fears it must be understood, if it is to be understood at all."[64]

My own reading of *Lord Jim* has long disagreed with Morf's in that I was and still am not persuaded that the novel should be read as a confession, the expression of a guilt complex. Certainly I disagree with Morf's view that Jim is "not a Pole but simply a neurotic."[65] Without insisting that Jim is a Pole, I would argue that he personifies a spirit very like the Polish spirit in something like the way epic heroes personify their nations. Because Conrad's attitude toward his nation was more ambivalent and also more intensely personal than were the attitudes of Homer, Virgil, or even Mickiewicz toward their nations, we would expect his epic hero to be at once more vulnerable and less single-minded than theirs.

I think Conrad did feel the need to explain why he left Poland, but to feel the need to explain is not tantamount to feeling a conscious or unconscious conviction of guilt. If Conrad felt guilty about anything, it was, at least as much and perhaps more, about his congenital and chronic drift toward reverie, a curious compound of inner vision with outward inertia, that made him fear he could not fulfill his obligations wherever they happened to lie—aboard ship while he was at sea, at his desk when ashore. He was in fact, we know, guilty of delinquencies (though unintentional, like Jim's) through this failing. In *The Mirror of the Sea* he confesses delinquencies at sea. And later ashore, in August 1898, while "Tuan Jim" was on his desk, he wrote his publisher: "The worst of it is that while I am thus powerless to produce, my imagination is extremely active."[66]

This was the tragic flaw he first conceived as the center of Jim's story. When Orzeszkowa's diatribe was published, he was undoubtedly wounded to the core, but his word hoard was thereby unlocked. And our wonder must be at the mysterious way in which he transmuted the stuff of romanticism into the material he needed to make Jim's story a masterpiece. Jim started out to be a sort of Conrad. He ended not only representing Conrad and "everyman," but also personifying

[64] *The Polish Heritage of Joseph Conrad*, p. 165.
[65] *Ibid.*
[66] *Letters to William Blackwood*, p. 27.

the great lost Polish nation, which Conrad held in both love and fear—a nation Tadeusz Bobrowski had called "great and misunderstood, the possessors of a greatness which others do not recognize and will never recognize."

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Leo Spitzer (1887-1960)

LEO SPITZER died suddenly of a heart attack on September 16, 1960 at Forte dei Marmi, north of Viareggio. At the Congress of the International Federation of Modern Languages and Literatures at Liège early in the same month, he had read a paper on the study of style and received a prolonged ovation, which moved and cheered but also slightly puzzled him. It need not have done so.

With Spitzer the last of the quartet of great German literary scholars in Romance philology—the peer of Vossler, Curtius, and Auerbach—is gone. Spitzer was born in Vienna on February 7, 1887. He studied Romance philology with the great master, W. Meyer-Lübke, received his Dr. Phil. in 1910, and became *Privatdozent* at the University of his native city in 1913. His career was interrupted by the First World War, which he spent in part in the Austrian Censorship Office where he collected materials for his studies of Italian circumlocutions for hunger and the letters of Italian prisoners of war (A 6 and 9).[1] He moved to Bonn in 1920, then as *Professor ordinarius* to the University of Marburg in 1925, and from there to Cologne in 1930.

With the accession of Hitler to power in 1933, Spitzer had to leave Germany and accept a position at Istanbul, where he was put in charge of a large program of modern languages. There was a magnificent palace with a view of the blue Sea of Marmara, and beadles at every door, but almost no books. The dean explained, as Spitzer recalled, "We don't bother with books." Fires were part of the tradition at Istanbul (C 2, p. 26). Unlike Auerbach, who had also come to Istanbul but stayed there throughout the war, Spitzer was able to join the Johns Hopkins faculty in 1936, where he remained for the rest of his life.

At first he was isolated and had only a few devoted students. Even in 1947, I remember vividly, he complained of being "echolos" in this

[1] References to the bibliography, pp. 330-334.

country. But then his English publications in book form established contact with an American audience and his scattered papers on topics from English and even American literature attracted wide attention. Recognition came increasingly from Europe, particularly from Italy. In 1955 he received the Premio Internazionale Fetrinelli from the Accademia dei Lincei in Rome, and two collections of his studies in Italian (A 22, 25) all but founded a Spitzer cult in Italy. For his seventieth birthday a distinguished group of scholars from many nations collected a testimonial volume of papers (C 5); and in 1959 Niemeyer in Tübingen brought out a huge tome of 994 pages collecting 49 papers in the five languages Spitzer wrote with ease (German, French, Italian, Spanish, and English) on topics from every Romance literature, including mediaeval and Renaissance Latin, Provençal, and Rumanian (A 24). It is good news to hear that *Stilstudien* (1928) is being reissued in Germany, since Spitzer's early publications in book form have become difficult to find. All his books together, however, do not exhaust the range and scope of Spitzer's writings scattered lavishly over the learned periodicals of the world. A complete bibliography, amounting to about 800 items even without the innumerable and often very important reviews, is a prime desideratum which apparently cannot be supplied from his own incomplete records. His papers in English on general subjects and on English poetry should be speedily collected. Essays such as "History of Ideas versus the Reading of Poetry" or "Classical and Christian Ideas of World Harmony" and the interpretations of three Middle English poems, and of texts from Whitman, Edmund Spenser, Milton, Tennyson, Poe, Yeats, Keats, and Andrew Marvell must not remain buried in periodical files—even the files of *Comparative Literature* (B 28, 34, 36, 40, 44, 45, 49, 50, 55, 57, 69).

This is hardly the time to make a considered assessment of Spitzer's total work. It will be difficult to find a person adequate to the task. He would have to be a linguist, particularly in Romance languages, in order to judge Spitzer's numerous contributions to etymology, word formation, and syntax, the original preoccupations which he never quite abandoned even in his last years. He would have to be a literary historian of awe-inspiring breadth, since Spitzer discussed, in concrete detail, a multitude of texts from all Romance literatures—from the earliest Provençal lyrics to quite recent French writers, from the great classics to many ephemeral authors. He would have to have an immense knowledge of relevant literary scholarship, since Spitzer reviewed and criticized all the prominent scholars in his fields of interest. He would have to be a general historian of ideas, since Spitzer in several papers, which

he classed as "historical semantics," practiced something like an intellectual history of the whole Western tradition clustered around some key concepts. And finally he would have to be a critic and theorist of literature, since Spitzer constantly discussed method and defined his position with self-conscious determination.

I shall here attempt a discussion of only this last aspect of his work. I shall try to give a coherent account of Spitzer's position in aesthetics, poetics, and the theory of criticism, with some regard to his development. The very multitude and diversity of his studies precludes a decision on their individual merits and the often highly specialized and controversial issues raised in them. Spitzer's favorite method of exposition often obscures a proper grasp of his general position. He is likely to start an article by quoting or referring to a text, or by questioning the opinion of another scholar. He has obviously no patience with human weaknesses; we must trust him that it is worth while examining the text under his guidance. He quotes all the main Western languages in the most diverse historical forms and he is not afraid of accumulating examples for pages, listing many instances of the same stylistic device. In the new volume, *Romanische Literaturstudien* (1959), some articles in German have a postscript in Italian and some in Spanish a postscript in German. Spitzer tucks away important materials and ideas in long footnotes, and there are often footnotes to footnotes. The scope and competence of his writing and the casual assumption that the reader is also a learned specialist do not make things easy. Though a critic with great sensitivity to poetry and poetic form, Spitzer had little interest in composing his own papers and did not write a single unified book. This is no doubt a German academic habit—the professor in the seminar commenting on the texts selected for his "exercises"—but there is also a theory behind the method. Philology is to Spitzer the love of the word, "die Andacht zum Kleinen," as Jakob Grimm called it. We must start with close attentive reading of the text, and criticism is often necessarily criticism of criticism, rectification or refutation of previous opinions. Spitzer was convinced that his own position can be best defined by relating it to that of others, by distinguishing, defining, and redefining. But the impact of Spitzer's work has been lessened by this immersion in detail and by the polemics, which seem necessary to his mind and are part and parcel of his method.

On occasion Spitzer has formally reflected on his method. Three papers in particular, from different years, have been taken as the sum of Spitzer's theoretical wisdom. I myself in *Theory of Literature*[2] based

[2] New York, 1949, pp. 187-188. Spitzer's comment in B 44, pp. 1-2. *Theory of*

my comments on the two early German papers then known to me, which writers on stylistics have debated again and again.[3] But it seems a mistake to single out these statements. They do not define his literary theory very fully, especially as it developed in his later years; they emphasize only one question and that somewhat excessively. Two self-descriptive papers (B 76, 78)[4] dating from the last year of his life will be published soon and will do something to rectify the perspective. If we collect his scattered pronouncements, however, a unified point of view can be arrived at even now.

In his early pronouncements Spitzer was mainly concerned with justifying a method of psychological stylistics. In the 1925 paper, "Wortkunst und Sprachwissenschaft," he appeals to the precedent of the French *explication de texte*, to Thibaudet's studies of Mallarmé and Flaubert, to some pages on Goethe's early style in Gundolf's *Goethe*, and to Vossler, even calling his own attempts "a realization of Vossler's theoretical endeavor." The linguistic surface is a biologically necessary effect of the poet's soul; the observation of a stylistic trait allows the critic to infer the biography of a soul. He need only transfer himself into the soul of the great speaker, the poet, in order to witness the act of language creation. Even this early article describes what Spitzer later came to call the "philological circle." "One either starts with the word and infers the personality behind it or *vice versa*." In a final note Spitzer describes the feeling of evidence he has when the two ways coincide by quoting Erich Rothacker, "I have it." Spitzer calls it "heureka"—the same sensation which he later named "the click."

The second programmatic piece, "Zur sprachlichen Interpretation," published in 1930, repeats the appeal to Vossler as a model and formulates more sharply the "postulate" that "a linguistic deviation from normal speech usage as utterance corresponds to a psychic excitement which deviates from the normal habitus of our psychic life and that one can thus infer a psychic center of emotions from a linguistic deviation from the normal." We must assume that "the peculiar linguistic expression is a mirror-image of something peculiarly psychic." Spitzer emphasizes now that "the most certain way of hitting at the psychic

Literature was written in 1945-47, before Spitzer's *Linguistics and Literary History* was available.

[3] "Wortkunst und Sprachwissenschaft," in *Germanisch-romanische Monatsschrift*, XIII (1925), 169-186, reprinted in A 13, II, 494-536; "Zur sprachlichen Interpretation von Wortkunstwerken," in *Neue Jahrbücher für Wissenschaft und Jugendbildung*, VI (1930), 632-651, reprinted in A 15, I, 4-54.

[4] I want to thank Miss Anna G. Hatcher, Professor Spitzer's literary executrix, for the loan of these two manuscript lectures and for permission to quote from them.

centers of excitement in a writer or poet (they after all speak inwardly before they write) is just reading ahead until something linguistic strikes one. If one puts together several linguistic observations, they certainly allow themselves to be reduced to a common denominator, and one can link it with the psychic, and even bring it into correspondence with the composition, with structure and its parts, as well as with the ideological content of the work of art." While the emphasis on "Draufloslesen" is new, the philological circle is again implied. In this article, however, Spitzer abandons the ideal of "stylistics," with which he has been wrongly identified. He disapproves—as early as 1930—of the attempt to make stylistics a special "science" and he even vows to work towards its disappearance in literary scholarship. He recognizes that the work of literary art is not merely a linguistic phenomenon and that a total analysis leads to a study of compositional technique, of characterization, and even of the implicit world view. The interlocking of the different aspects is demonstrated by a sketchy analysis of *Quinze joyes de mariage*. A series of metaphors in the fifteenth-century text about confinement and lack of freedom in marriage allows him to "throw a bridge" to the compositional technique of a mediaeval work (its closed-in pictures with a didactic-monotonous frame) and from there to its point of view and technique of characterization (typicality, etc.). All the traits can be reduced to a common denominator—the mediaeval feeling of stuffiness and enclosure of life on earth.

The third programmatic statement,[5] dating from 1948, puts the method into an autobiographical frame and relates it to the tracing of etymologies. There is a new shift of emphasis. Spitzer now speaks of "the common spiritual *etymon*," "the psychological root," "the *radix* of the soul" and the "psychogram" in a writer, and he now defends the method by identifying it with the "circle of understanding" described by Dilthey and Schleiermacher in their theories of hermeneutics. Spitzer insists that this is not a vicious circle but rather a to-and-fro movement or a "pendulum movement."[6] One of the new features of the paper is Spitzer's strongly defensive attitude toward behaviorism. "Without belief in a human soul, there is no science," he asserts. In the second part of the essay, evidently written somewhat later, he quotes a letter from an ex-student that expresses some doubts whether Spitzer has a technique which can be described as a step-by-step procedure. (The student, I hear, is Miss Anna G. Hatcher.) In his comment, Spitzer agrees and propounds the view that his method is rather

[5] "Linguistics and Literary History," in A 20, pp. 1-39.
[6] A phrase used in B 3 as early as 1926.

the result of "talent, experience, and faith." He appeals again to the sense of inner evidence, calling it now "the click" (A 20, pp. 26, 29).

Spitzer came back to this idea of the "circle" as the basis of his method, repeating the image and the scheme—from the detail to the whole and then back to the detail— in many different contexts. He used it also to set off his own method against that of comparable scholars. Thus he sees a contrast between Auerbach's approach to the *Divine Comedy* and his own: he starts with the analysis of a detail, assuming that the whole of the work is still unknown to him, whereas Auerbach supposedly starts with an unrivaled knowledge of the whole of the poem (A 24, p. 59 note). In criticizing Dámaso Alonso, Spitzer complains of the lack of the "philological circle" in Alonso's method and rejects Alonso's assumption of a divorce between the outer and the inner in poetic creation. Alonso, Spitzer argues, stops with an "either-or," "outer-inner," or "inner-outer," whereas Spitzer has presumably reached the unity of soul and word (B 51). In an interview Spitzer explained the circle in the simplest terms as "an extension of our usual manner of forming judgments." "A young man walks into my office. The first thing that strikes me is some inconsequential detail, such as a flashy tie." (Surely Spitzer knew why he wears a highly figured tie on his photograph above the text!) "I proceed to a tentative psychological hypothesis. I decide that this man is given to asserting his personality at the expense of good taste. The next step consists in verifying whether the same characteristic extends to other areas of his personality. . . . The circular procedure consists in passing from observed detail to hypothesis and back to other details" (C 2, p. 20).

I have expounded these pronouncements so carefully because Spitzer himself placed so much stress on the philological circle. But it seems to me that the circle is no panacea and that it does not define Spitzer's own method. As far as the procedure of the circle is true, it is trite and valid universally, as Spitzer himself recognizes in the example of the tie or of a doctor's diagnosis or when he describes the way "a scientist may observe a physical phenomenon, develop a principle to explain it, then test to see whether or not the principle applies to other parallel phenomena" (*ibid.*). The image of the circle seems to me false and misleading if it is taken literally as a step-by-step procedure, if it assumes that anyone (and Spitzer of all people!) could start with a *tabula rasa*, "read ahead," and then from chance observations deduce a psychological *radix*, the truth of which will finally be verified by further observations, reading in other critics, etc. Spitzer himself gave the argument away in his comments on Miss Hatcher's letter. He

recognized that "even the 'first step' is preconditioned. We see, indeed, that to read is to have read, to understand is equivalent to having understood" (A 20, p. 27). How, we may ask, can anyone read an author without a mind full of memories, anticipations, nets of questions, and, if he is Spitzer, without a mind full of linguistic categories, literary information, psychological concepts, and many other "presences" and even evaluations? How can he keep the three steps apart and how can he stop the process of observation and reflection? The advice to get into a circle amounts only to a recommendation of careful observation of details, of submission to a text, of what Spitzer calls the "cleansing of the mind from distraction by the inconsequential" (A 20, p. 29)—a sensible though hardly novel admonition. The second step, the inference of a "psychological etymon" or "psychogram," and the search for a psychological explanation for every stylistic trait, reflects only one phase of Spitzer's practice, the phase which he himself repudiated and which is most open to criticism. And the third step, verification, can hardly be limited or considered necessarily final.

The usual Croce-Vossler-Spitzer pedigree seems to me mistaken. Spitzer started rather with a combination of philology and psychology. He did not know Croce at first (C 4, p. 5) and only later came to admire him as a great figure and to agree with his rejection of nineteenth-century positivism. One cannot describe Spitzer as a follower of Croce; he rejects and must reject the basis of Crocean aesthetics, the identification of intuition and expression, of aesthetics and linguistics. "To found linguistics on expression which itself is identified with impression, that is, to found it on poetic intuition, means destroying the life of language while pretending to put poetry in its place," said Spitzer in his last lecture. Croce's own critical practice leads to "paralysis" since we cannot do anything but admire. "In asking the critic to distinguish between the poetic and the non-poetic parts of the *Divine Comedy*, in abandoning the inviolable organicity of the work of art, in splintering its structure, how can one consider the style of a work as conforming with its content?" (B 78 MS; also A 24, p. 564). In his paper on "The Transitions in La Fontaine" Spitzer remarks that he wanted to "distance himself" from both Croce and Vossler, since La Fontaine cannot be understood by means of their categories (A 24, p. 205). Spitzer's attitude toward Vossler is ambivalent. He without doubt admired Vossler and agreed with his general aims, but criticized as premature his attempt to write a history of French culture in the mirror of language. He speaks of Vossler's "psychological improvisations," of "something autodidactic" in his work, and calls him even a "dilettante" in linguistics (B 78 MS; B 3; B 62, p. 599 note).

Spitzer strongly emphasized the influence of Freud. Freud "taught the idea of a constancy of certain motifs in the psyche of poets and their constant external manifestations" (B 63). But surely the use of Freud even by the early Spitzer is far from orthodox. Freud is rather used as a justification of a search for "latency," for a hidden key, a recurrent motif, a basic *Erlebnis*, and even the world view of an author. Only a few papers in Spitzers's extensive work infer sexual or pathological motivation. The study of Barbusse's obsession with sadistic images of blood and wounds (A 5) is early; the brilliant essay on "The Style of Diderot" (1948), which sees his cumulative gradated sentence structure as an imitation of the rhythm of the sexual act, Spitzer himself called the "last in the Freudian vein" (in A 20; cf. B 67, p. 371). But the bulk of the psychological papers attempts to establish connections between style and world view: e.g., between the repetitive style of Charles Péguy and his Bergsonism, or between Charles-Louis Philippe's mannerism of loosely using the construction "à cause de" and his belief in a melancholy, somewhat provisional fatalism (all in A 13). Spitzer's earliest publication, his dissertation on Rabelais (A 1), tries to show how Rabelais' word formations (e.g., his fantastic suffixes added to Sorbonne in order to create repulsive nicknames) suggest that in Rabelais there was a tension between the real and the unreal, between comedy and horror, between Utopia and naturalism. Similarly, analyzing the word myths of Christian Morgenstern, Spitzer interprets his view of language as "swathing further veils over an impenetrably dark world" (A 4).

However ingenious Spitzer's observations and interpretations of stylistic traits may be, it seems to me impossible to prove that the *etymon*, the *radix*, or simply the *Weltanschauung* of the writer was inferred purely on the basis of linguistic observation. It would be impossible to show that the stylistic traits were all deduced from a knowledge of the author's temperament or world view. A linguistic surface cannot be observed without recourse to meaning nor can meaning be known without language. To establish the precise order in which Spitzer arrived at his insights seems to me both futile and impossible. A dialectics of the mind must assume the relatedness of everything with everything and will reject a diagrammatic scheme, whether of a circle or a pendulum movement, as inadequate to the complexities of the actual processes of thought.

Still, the critics who reject the circle and simply grant that Spitzer has "talent," "intuition," or even "genius" are mistaken if they try

to dismiss his results as arbitrary, subjective, or lucky guesses.[7] Some of Spitzer's own pronouncements lend support to this comfortable view, and at one period of his life he formulated religious convictions which allowed his opponents to label him an irrationalistic mystic.[8] In some contexts, Spitzer asserts that a faith in God is a needed justification for causal explanation and the reduction to one principle or root. "The weakening of the idea of God" seemed to him "a signal for the weakening of causal thinking" (B 35, p. 249), and the explanation of a poem appeared to him "strongly akin to the practice *omnia in majorem Dei gloriam*. In both one refers all observable details and facts to one central force resuming the whole and by a 'to-and-fro' (or 'tautological') movement between the whole and the parts, one hopes to grasp the ultimately ungraspable (*individuum ineffabile*)" (B 28, p. 603). But this monotheistic faith is surely no defense of mysticism or denial of science. It is merely cited as a parallel between the enterprise of philology and the religious insight into cosmic unity and order and its postulate of a First Cause. Later Spitzer himself confessed that he changed "from an intellectual who half deplored the loss of faith and the Renaissance" to a "decided friend of light and clear form" (A 24, p. 6). The charge of mysticism is thoroughly false. The choice between a step-by-step rationalistic procedure by circle or pendulum and some irrational intuition poses an unreal dilemma. One can describe Spitzer's theories and methods without recourse to either of these extremes of rationalism and irrationalism. Significantly, Spitzer later accepted the criticism directed against the psychological method. He saw the danger of valuing art by *Erlebnis* and recognized that the search for *Erlebnis* is only a revised version of the biographical fallacy. The assumption of a necessary relationship between certain stylistic devices and specific states of mind is often fallacious and always without proof. Spitzer repudiated the psychological approach and turned rather to a total literary scholarship which would not be psychologistic or stylistic but simply and centrally literary.

At times he seems to advocate a double standard. Psychological stylistics, he tells us, is "applicable only to writers who think in terms of the 'individual genius,' of an individual manner of writing, that is, to writers of the eighteenth and later centuries: in previous periods the writer (even Dante) sought to express objective things in an objective style. Precisely the insight that 'psychological stylistics' is not valid for earlier writers (Montaigne being one glaring exception)

[7] Particularly Charles Bruneau, "La Stylistique," *RP*, VI (1951), pp. 1 ff.; cf. B 47 and C 3.

[8] L. Bloomfield, *Language*, XX (1944), 45; cf. B 35.

has reinforced in me another tendency which was present in my work from the beginning, that of applying to works of literary art a structural method that seeks to define their unity without recourse to the personality of the author" (B 67, p. 371). But, oddly enough, in the discussion of Dámaso Alonso Spitzer seems to congratulate himself for having started with modern authors who lend themselves to the psychological approach while Alonso is faced with the impersonal authors of the Spanish Golden Age whose lyrical "I" remains didactic and not empirical like Rousseau and his followers. If Spitzer had stayed with Rabelais he could probably, he suggests, have arrived only at the general *radix* Renaissance (B 51). Clearly Spitzer's own attitude toward the psychological method remained somewhat ambiguous, though he saw its dangers and particularly the difficulties of applying it to writers from the remote past. He cites the example of a student of his who worked on Agrippa d'Aubigné's *Les Tragiques* and came up with "emotional clusters" (a term of Kenneth Burke's) such as "milk" and "poison," "mother" and "serpent," "wolf" and "lamb"—antithetic doubles that were simply suggested by the tradition of the Bible (A 20, p. 32; B 76, p. 31, repeated in B 78). Spitzer also came to recognize that the psychological approach does not promote criticism as evaluation. He admits that he once overrated authors for whom style was "an *hors d'œuvre* or a cheaply come-by recipe" which can be easily imitated. Spitzer mentions Jules Romains (B 76, p. 30), but he could have added, at least, Barbusse and Charles-Louis Philippe.

By far the bulk of Spitzer's writings and all his later work can be interpreted and understood without recourse to the philological circle, mystical intuition, or depth psychology. The impressive success of Spitzer's work may be attributed to unmysterious though rare qualities: to his unsurpassed knowledge, not only of facts but of the use of grammatical, stylistic, and historical categories, which he combined with an insight into the nature of art and the nature of criticism. This combination seems to me crucial; there have been many very learned scholars who after a lifetime of incessant labor left only a heap of unrelated findings and opinions; there are many critics of sensitivity but of little knowledge, range, and theoretical awareness. Spitzer has both knowledge and theoretical insight and he has the urge to define and describe his insight. He has been criticized for his indulgence in fierce polemics, but one should recognize that they are part of his process of self-definition, and that he was convinced that "critical discussion is the best way toward that *consensus omnium* which is the ultimate goal in philosophy as well as any of the sciences" (B 50, p. 71; cf. also B 73, p. 56).

Spitzer had arrived at something that no amount of learning and diligence can compensate for: a firm grasp of the aesthetic fact, its distinction from life, and its peculiar self-contained nature. He grasped the logical consequences of an aesthetic conviction: the need of practicing literary scholarship concerned with this aesthetic fact and combating the manifold distractions which, with a Crocean term, he called *allotria.* He saw that "art and outward reality should, at least while the work of art is being studied, be kept separate." He felt that "our enjoyment of any work of art comes from the deeply grounded feeling we have that art is not life, but a new architecture, built of fancy and the poetic will, apart from life and beyond life" (B 28, pp. 595-596). He constantly speaks of works of art as "artistic and autarkic organisms," of their "integrity and unity," their "interior aesthetic cohesion and construction," the unity of form and content, of *Gestalt* and *Gehalt* (e.g., A 24, pp. 113-114, 250, 467, 529, 747).

Spitzer insistently defends organistic aesthetics against its usual misinterpretation as mere formalism. The common adage that "content is inseparable from form" does not, he argues, mean that "content no longer exists or must be dissolved into style—for otherwise Genesis and the *Celestina* would only differ in 'style,' or to say it bluntly, the term 'style' would have become entirely meaningless" (B 62, pp. 146-147). At least in his later years, Spitzer rejected the imperialism of modern stylistics, the view voiced, e.g., by Dámaso Alonso, that there cannot be any other literary study than stylistics.[9] In a lecture, a few months before his death, Spitzer stated emphatically that "aesthetic criticism cannot be exhausted by a consideration of style; there is aesthetics also in the plot, the fable of the poetic work." "The structural element, the architecture of thought reflected in poems," he proclaims, "has more and more absorbed my attention. Stylistics, because it is good gymnastics for attentive reading, can be only one of the aids to artistic perception" (B 76, p. 33). Structural study as practiced by Spitzer thus means neither pure formalism, in the sense of exclusive attention to the aesthetic surface, nor an ivory-tower aestheticism.

Against this misinterpretation, Spitzer states that the phrase "a self-contained work of art" means only "aesthetic self-containedness (without other than aesthetic relevance) and not an uncommunicative resting of the work of art in itself, readerless." Precisely the "need of a poem for a reader" is for Spitzer an argument against relativistic historicism. "Aesthetically, the work of art acts by itself, and may do so because its

[9] Dámaso Alonso, *Poesía española* (Madrid, 1952), p. 482. "La Estilística es la única posible Ciencia de la Literatura."

aesthetic content is self-contained in it and in him" (B 28, p. 602). Over and over again he asserted the "eternal character of a work of art" and argued against historical relativists such as George Boas that the "indispensability of a [previous] knowledge of the 'cultural background' for the understanding of a work of art is usually greatly overrated." Though he himself was steeped in historical lore and highly aware of the historical setting, Spitzer always saw that there is a point at which historicism must fail. "There is one inconsistency in nineteenth century historicism, that wholly given up to historical relativism, it has not yet learned to see the relativity of its procedure conditioned by certain definite events of modern history; and that it has not learned to take itself as a historical fact, subject to change. Before itself, it ceases to think historically." Thus Spitzer must reject the many attempts to absorb literary study into cultural history or history of ideas. They should not be "substituted for a poised and self-contained aesthetic meditation before a particular work of art that is unique and unrepeatable by nature" (B 28, pp. 598, 602, 604).

"Aesthetic meditation," "the eternal meaning of art," "an immanent organic criticism" are the key terms of the later Spitzer. From them necessarily follow his reservations against the biographical approach, his rejection of the methods which break up a work of art into a mosaic of sources and influences, his resistance to the reduction of a work of art to intellectual terms, to its use as a document in the history of ideas or the history of feelings about time or space. He surely seems right in protesting against the constant confusion of the "poetic I" with the "empirical and pragmatic I" (A 24, p. 104). "It is a quite illegitimate procedure, one most detrimental to any *explication de texte* (although widely current in academic positivism) to utilize indiscriminately what we know of the poet's biography. It may destroy the artistic framework carefully devised by the poet: the boundary between art and life which he perhaps may have wished to erect" (B 45, p. 24). Spitzer constantly argues against the methodological error of the "invasion of practical biography into the orbit of a poem" (A 24, p. 485). Discussing Milton's sonnet "Methought I saw my late espoused saint," he protests against the "brusque introduction" by another interpreter, George Boas, of "the matter-of-fact, opaque name Katherine Woodcock into the transparent and transcendent atmosphere of our poem . . . as shocking as the whole proposition of making the poem more empirically concrete than it has been conceived" (B 45, p. 23). The clumsy guesses of E. V. Lucas as to the exact friends who may be referred to in Lamb's "The Old Familiar Faces" seem a demonstration how "the indiscreet

intervention of the biographical at the wrong time prevents the appreciation of the tone-contents of the poem (in this case even of the 'idea' of the poem) from materializing" (B 28, p. 588). Spitzer shows how the damage done by the biographical approach is particularly severe in the case of mediaeval literature; he demonstrates, convincingly to my mind, that Mrs. Grace Frank misinterprets the poems of Jaufré Rudel because she assumes the necessity of exploiting the biographical information about his participation in a crusade (A 17, also in 24). Similarly Spitzer shows how unwarranted are the biographical readings of such texts as the *Libro de Buen Amor* of the Archpriest of Hita (B 9). He cites many examples of mediaeval writers appropriating material from other sources—not even concealing them—and presenting them as personal experience (A 24, pp. 100-112). The confusion between the "I" of a speaker and the empirical life of the author has done much to prevent a correct interpretation and aesthetic evaluation of literature of all ages.

Similarly Spitzer sees that most "source-study" is "utterly destructive of aesthetic apperception." "To delve into the 'source' of a poem (by which is meant not the real source: the mind of the poet—but always the previous work of someone else) means to undo the work of the poet: one looks for another aggregation of new materials than that which the poet chose (and others failed to choose)" (B 28, pp. 591, 593). He gives many concrete instances of the falsity of the positivistic conception of "the direct influence of a source-work on its derivative." Analogously, the totally material procreation of one poetic genre by another poetic genre "is quite inconceivable as an explanation of spiritual realities" (A 24, p. 406 note). The paper which Spitzer considered his first attempt at a structural interpretation, "Ehrenrettung von Malherbes 'Consolation à Monsieur du Périer,' "[10] starts by refuting an attempt to disparage the poem because of its sources in Ronsard and Montchrestien. Even then Spitzer could not "go along with a judgment that somehow assumes the possibility of transferring individual parts of one work of art into another and of a creation groping ahead along the verses of predecessors." He of course continued to study sources, though always with a great awareness of their merely contributory relevance for an illumination of a work of art. When in a paper on Valéry's "La Fileuse" he actually dwells on the sources at length, he apologizes somewhat wryly: "I did it against my habits and possibly in order to prove my lack of all one-sided fanaticism" (A 24, pp. 343-

[10] In *Die Neueren Sprachen*, XXXIV (1926), 191-196, reprinted in A 13, II, 18-29.

352, especially 352). The rejection of extrinsic methods in Spitzer is always relative; he knows the damage they have done to an aesthetic study of literature but recognizes their peripheral validity. Thus he reflects that comparative literature arose in the romantic period—"the age when there was felt the need for a *Weltliteratur*, a *cosmopolitisme littéraire*. This, too, incidentally, has since degenerated into a subtler means of diversion, distraction and evasion; the direction is always away from the extant concrete work of art" (B 28, p. 601).

Along similar lines of argument Spitzer criticizes any attempt to reduce the work of art to a mere vehicle of ideas, whether it is done by the devices of Lovejoy's history of ideas or in the service of existential philosophies. He objects to the atomistic presuppositions of Lovejoy, the very conception of "unit-idea." When Lovejoy tried to trace some of Hitler's ideology to its antecedents in German romantic writers, Spitzer, in the midst of the war, came to the rescue of the Germans, arguing that Lovejoy's "analytical procedure destroys the organic entity and makes the understanding of the whole no longer possible." "It is not the letter of any idea, or any set of ideas, but the spirit in which the ideas are carried out and allowed to associate with each other—it is the total system of ideas charged with emotion that explains an historical movement." Thus in Spitzer's view there cannot be a real continuity between the Schlegels and Hitler even though individual concepts and slogans may seem similar or identical. "Via its immediate French models (Lanson's history of the idea of progress)" Lovejoy's method comes from "the analytical philosophy of history of the French Encyclopedists, more specifically from Voltaire's *Dictionnaire philosophique* which obviously rests on the assumption that, just as words may be listed in a dictionary detached from the whole of the linguistic system in question (and, supposedly, may exist as detached items), so ideas are detachable from their 'climate'" (B 32, pp. 192, 201). But "climate," "harmony," *Stimmung*, a feeling for the *Zeitgeist* are Spitzer's preoccupations. Consistent thinking in global terms requires such concepts. Spitzer is therefore not impressed by Lovejoy's plea to discard the term "romanticism." "Because the term cannot be straightforwardly defined he proceeds as though the phenomenon did not exist. Since the whole is ungraspable he clings to individual facts of thought." It seems to Spitzer a "bias to believe that understanding must always wait on definition" (B 32, p. 190).

His own contributions to a history of ideas, the paper on "Classical and Christian Ideas of World Harmony (Prolegomena to an Interpretation of the Word '*Stimmung*')".(B 34) and the related piece on

"*Milieu* and *ambiance*" (A 19, pp. 179-316), concern precisely the concepts and words suggesting atmosphere, harmony, and totality. Spitzer always keeps in mind the principle that "the boundaries between words are never fixed: and it is impossible to trace the history of a single word without taking into account the whole conceptual field (*Begriffsfeld*)" (B 32, p. 202). Lovejoy's rejoinder shows that Spitzer underrated his awareness of these issues; and one must grant that Lovejoy's own practice, particularly in *The Great Chain of Being*, is much nearer to Spitzer's own than some of Lovejoy's theoretical formulations would seem to recognize. But Spitzer makes his point against the intellectualism of Lovejoy's method. At the same time, stoutly battling on his middle ground, he objects to the anti-intellectualism of the existentialist position.

Especially in the last decade of his life, Spitzer conceived a strong aversion to irrationalistic philosophizing. He often refers disparagingly to Heidegger: to the "high-sounding metaphysical solemnity" of his definition of poetry as "Stiftung des Daseins," to his metaphysical puns and "precious verbal pomp," and to his abuse of German etymology (B 62, p. 147; B 43, pp. 143, 145). Of Mörike's poem "Auf eine Lampe," which had become the topic of a debate between Heidegger and Staiger, Spitzer surely gives the most balanced and finely felt interpretation. In the famous line, "Was aber schön ist, selig scheint es in ihm selbst," he rejects both Heidegger's attempt to make the word "scheint" signify "lucet" and Staiger's forced reading of a feeling of exclusion on the poet's part. He does this by emphasizing the shape of the lamp and its symbolic value for the poem (B 43, pp. 136-138). The text and the precise limitations imposed by the text on its reading are standards held so strenuously that Spitzer resents all speculative interpolations. In criticizing some rather farfetched readings by Stephen Gilman of passages in *La Celestina* Spitzer declares that he wants "to establish once and forever a 'negative reading list' (that is a list of books *not* to be read) for our younger scholars who deal with older literature." Buber, Bergson, Dilthey, Freud, Heidegger, Ortega, Sartre, Scheler, Spengler, Unamuno (B 65, p. 19 note) make up this black list—pedagogical advice that Spitzer happily did not himself follow as a young man. What would he have become without, at least, three names on the list: Freud, Dilthey, and Bergson?

The rejection of existential criticism by Spitzer includes, in particular, the studies on human time by Georges Poulet. In an elaborately courteous open letter to this colleague, Spitzer shows that the method of studying the time feeling of different French authors practiced by

Poulet leads to a destruction of the work of art, to a deformation of the "literary concrete," and imposes the "systématisme" of the philosopher on what should be the "caméléonisme" of the philologist (A 24, pp. 248, 276). Spitzer takes Poulet's analysis of Marivaux's *La Vie de Marianne* and shows that he misreads the text completely. Instead of the disintegration of rational order and moral nihilism which Poulet reads into the book by tearing passages out of context, Marivaux actually proclaims the optimism of the eighteenth century, its cult of genius, nature, and originality. Marianne is a glorification of feminine intuition, of the stability of a woman's heart, and not a creature of the moment, of discontinuity and confusion, as Poulet interprets her (A 24, pp. 252, 261-262, 270). Spitzer has picked the weakest chapter in Poulet's books and he has borne down too hard on a few passages in in Gilman's book on the *Celestina*; but one should acknowledge how consistently he keeps his methodological "stance"—the concentration on the structural and aesthetic interpretation of the single work of art.

Spitzer thus stands very near to the aims and methods of the American New Criticism, and in the Liège lecture he treats the movement with some sympathy as parallel to the efforts of German stylistics and Russian formalism. In other contexts he expresses approval of specific interpretations made by Cleanth Brooks (B 50, p. 73; B 57, p. 218). But on the whole Spitzer treats the American movement with a certain amount of condescension and with many reservations. The condescension comes from his emphasis, excessive to my mind, on the purely pedagogical origins of the American movement. Its source, Spitzer believes, is exclusively in the undergraduate colleges (B 78, MS). He obviously cannot agree with any rejection of learning and literary history. The reservations follow from his strong insistence on the singleness of meaning and the possibility of our attaining it. Spitzer argues both against skeptical relativists, such as Boas, who see only the "whirligig of taste" and against interpreters, such as Empson, who search for the most inclusive meaning, for the greatest number of ambiguities (B 45, pp. 16, 24-25, and B 78 MS). He believes that "philology rests on the assumption that all men on earth are basically alike and that the modern commentator is enabled, by his training and studiousness, to approximate and, perhaps, restore, the original 'meaning' of a work of art composed at another time and place" (B 45, p. 16). For Spitzer there is "only one meaning which must be isolated with an energy bent on discrimination" (B 78 MS).

Other less central issues divide Spitzer from the American New Criticism. He objects to what he calls "imagistic positivism," "the

exaggerated reliance of contemporary critics on imagery to the detriment of other elements of poetry . . . structure, thought, psychology which must play parts at least equal to imagery" in any proper interpretation. Spitzer sees this tendency as an antihumanistic technicality. "We have indeed come to the point where the quiet de-humanized professional of literary criticism considers it his duty to deal with 'imagery' and similar specialized, technical or philological questions, to the exclusion of the human element which is at the bottom of all poetry and consequently should inform philology, the humanistic science" (B 69, pp. 232, 233 note). He is shocked by dissertations which classify "images," on the model of Caroline Spurgeon's work, according to their sources in nature or books, and is bewildered and disturbed by the tortuous imagistic "metagrammar" of Earl Wasserman's interpretation of Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" (B 57).

While the isolation and exaggeration of imagery seems to Spitzer to lead to a distortion of works of art, he is equally suspicious of the attempts to allegorize, to seek a hidden meaning, to find a religious significance in every text. "The four distinct meanings of Dante in the *Convivio* have destroyed the common sense of many contemporary critics, particularly in America, as they, undoubtedly under religious or semi-religious influences, allegorize *à tort et à travers*" (A 24, p. 491; cf. p. 731). Spitzer's most striking example, concerning a mediaeval Spanish text, *Razon de amor*, elicits the comment that "such aberrations are possible in our time because non-philological tendencies have invaded the soul of the critic: he believes to do a pious deed by offering a so-called religious interpretation" (A 24, p. 682). On this point of allegory Spitzer, to my mind, has somehow missed his mark; his examples are never central to American criticism. They are rather drawn from learned mediaevalists, both American and European, who exercise their scholarly ingenuity quite untouched by the New Criticism. The real new trend of American criticism, myth criticism, is never discussed by Spitzer, though one can imagine that it would be open to the objections he raised against Empson—the uncontrollable caprice of finding meaning, any meaning in any text. Spitzer, as far as I am aware, did not comment on the other new group in recent American Criticism, the Chicago Aristotelians. In discussing a piece by Hoyt Trowbridge on Yeats's "Leda and the Swan," he indirectly expressed his suspicion of the overemphasis on genre which is central to their doctrine. Trowbridge "dwells on those features of the poem" which make it "representative of a genus" instead of approaching the poem as "an incomparable, unique poetic entity in itself," instead of looking

for its "inner dynamics . . . *das flüssige Band* that holds the artistic unity together" (B 55, pp. 271-272).

This overriding concern for the particular poem, for "the most individual, the least cataloguable features" (B 55, p. 271), seems to me sufficient explanation for Spitzer's predilection for monographic and even micrological treatments of specific poems. He shunned discussions of the total works of an author and never wrote literary history as narrative. He knows himself that the "depiction of a personality in its totality" is difficult for him; he is struck rather by its "outstanding features, its edges and protuberances." He feels that one can get at a ball of thread only by pulling out single strands and winding them up one by one (A 24, p. 204). He attempted synthesis, a total literary portrait as in the essays on Calderón and Rabelais, only when he was prompted by some outward occasion; an inaugural lecture or a popular series of lectures (A 15, II, 189-210; B 54, I, 126-147).

The reason for Spitzer's reluctance to go beyond an individual work of art is not only the theory of uniqueness and the concern for individual traits. It follows also from his demand that the critic take an emphatic and even submissive attitude toward the individual work of art. Spitzer really knows only a "criticism of beauties" (A 24, p. 413). He describes his general method when he asks that "the critic must be an *advocatus dei*," though in this context he speaks only of mediaeval poets. He would like to "leave judicial criticism to others," aware of the dangers of evaluation, preferring description, phenomenology, even the preparation of materials for observation to a real estimate.[11] Actually Spitzer is too modest when he seems to disavow the task of evaluative criticism. He does have critical standards and one can discover them. His main criterion is that of coherence. He believes that, "if the parts of a work of art cannot be integrated into a harmonious whole, the aesthetic value of such a work is automatically made doubtful" (A 24, p. 467). He must demonstrate aesthetic cohesion and construction in order to value a work. Thus an Italian mediaeval treatise, *Mare amoroso*, is elaborately defended for its unity, though Spitzer is compelled to admit its "schematic architecture, pedantry and virtuosity" (A 24, p. 413).

Only very rarely did Spitzer move beyond the criterion of internal coherence. It was, I believe, only a passing phase of his development when he suggested a function and value of poetry that might be called religious. "Poetry," he once surprisingly says, "is the form best

[11] See *Germanisch-romanische Monatsschrift*, XIII (1925), 123. Reprinted in A 13, vol. II.

fitted to convince man emotionally of supernal verities. Apperception of poetry may be then to a certain extent religious service." Poetry is "characterized by the vision it opens before us of a world radically different from our everyday and workaday world of ratiocination and practicality and it offers relief from the daily burden of our environment" (B 44, pp. 138-139). But this escape into another higher world is invoked only in a paper on three mediaeval English poems (1951) and does not reflect the general tendencies of his far more inclusive and usually quite secular taste.

Spitzer more frequently invokes the standard of historical representativeness. A certain poem is great in that "it offers an overly rich condensation of the whole wealth of mediaeval thought and feeling about one of the basic forces of mankind" (B 44, p. 22). In practice, when Spitzer moves out of the realm of the single object, he appeals to the concept of representativeness, to national representativeness, period representativeness, and finally to something which must be described as general *Geistesgeschichte*. Unlike most German scholars, he is extraordinarily wary of these concepts, because he knows the abuses to which they lend themselves and how they have been exploited by nationalistic ideologies or fanciful philosophers of history. He often protests against glib generalizations about national characteristics and the whole use of literary scholarship for the purposes of patriotism; for instance, he chides Dámaso Alonso for engaging in "national tautology," "a way of thinking to which German and French literary critics succumb most readily while Italian and English critics are least prone to it; but which unfortunately occurs with almost all Spanish scholars." By "national tautology" Spitzer means "the implicit assertion that a Spanish work of art is great because it is genuinely Spanish and that it is genuinely Spanish if it is great" (B 51, p. 251). While Spitzer, at home in six cultures, can hardly be suspected of any specific nationalism, he still operates frequently with such entities as "l'esprit français," and "âme française" (A 24, pp. 258-367, 373, 384, 388 note), or allows himself to generalize about "Italianità," Italian "histrionism and autopersiflage" (A 24, pp. 358 note, 505 note). He speaks of the "innate necessity of the German soul" to see historical development as a brute unalterable fact (A 24, p. 792) and speculates rashly about the Romans who "felt less well protected in the universe, less at home with the infinite than did the Greeks" (A 19, p. 192). He is often severe at the expense of Klemperer's *Dauerfranzose* or of Américo Castro's "phantasmagoria" of the Spanish national character (B 4, p. 244; B 48, p. 12 note); but Spitzer himself seems unable to escape these habits of mind.

Similarly Spitzer is quite aware of the dangers of reckless speculations about the nature of the specific historical periods, the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, the baroque, or the romantic. But again he is willing to pronounce truths about the Middle Ages *in toto*, and to declare confidently this or that trait Renaissance or rococo (e.g., A 24, pp. 380, 382, 249). In a lecture on the Spanish baroque (1943) he speculates quite in the style of German *Geistesgeschichte* about the baroque as "a re-elaboration of two ideas, one mediaeval, the other Renaissance, in a third idea which shows us the polarity between the feelings and nothingness, beauty and death, the temporal and the eternal." Commenting on the paper in the reprint, Spitzer himself deplores a certain confusion between a religious and an aesthetic creed (A 24, pp. 798-802; see p. 802 note). He was one of the first scholars to use the term "baroque" for French classicism, an idea which has since caught on even in France.[12] A note in his earlier study, "Die klassische Dämpfung in Racines Stil" (1928), endorses the view that French classicism is a form of the baroque but a mild, tamed, or muted form. The text of the long paper consists of an elaborate analysis of Racine's classical "muffling," a term which Spitzer derived from Oskar Walzel's description of German classicism.[13] Only Spitzer's much later paper, "The Récit de Théramène" (1948), interprets Racine's *Phèdre* as a baroque tragedy of *desengaño* and calls Racine's *Weltanschauung* baroque. Spitzer does this because he wants to defend the famous speech of Théramène by shifting the emphasis of the play away from Phèdre to Thésée. He is animated by the basic principle that a "great masterpiece is perfect in all its parts" and that philology is apologia, an "attempt to justify the *So-sein*," "the being so and not otherwise of exemplary texts" (A 20, pp. 87-134, especially pp. 89, 105, 128).

Above all these national and period concepts rise two others: the folk and the spirit, *das Volk* and *der Geist*. Especially in recent years Spitzer has emphasized the basic truth of the romantic concept of popular creativity. He has expounded the discussions of Theodor Frings of the minnesingers and troubadours and buttressed them by describing the newly discovered Mozarabic lyrics (B 48); and he has criticized Joseph Bédier and Lucien Foulet for turning away from historical tradition and the "supporting mother-soil of the people" (A 24, p. 93). To his mind "the now fashionable anti-popular trend reflects the sociological situa-

[12] See the history of the term in my "The Concept of Baroque in Literary Scholarship," *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, V (1946), 77-109. Since then there has been a flood of writings on the French baroque.

[13] In *Archivum romanicum*, XII (1928), 361-472, reprinted in A 15, I, 135-268; on baroque, A 15, I, 255-256 note; on Walzel, p. 267 and B 76, p. 27.

tion of the 20th century scholar, his resentful estrangement from the common people, and his jealous defense of a social position which he feels to be already jeopardized" (B 48, p. 3 note). Similarly, Spitzer accepts the other key term of German romantic philology, *Geist*, which, he hastens to reassure us, is "nothing ominously mystical or mythological but simply the totality of the features of a given period or movement which the historian tries to see as a unity" (B 32, p. 202). Thus Spitzer reveals himself in his advocacy of *Volksgeist* and *Zeitgeist*, and, in his strong avowal of organistic aesthetics, as a true descendant of the German founders of Romance philology, though he has, of course, refined their methods by a far greater analytical skill in stylistic observations and a far more sophisticated insight into the complexities of the human psyche.

Spitzer's great mental urge is that toward unity, of reduction to the one, which was also the great motivating power of the romantics. On occasion he bolsters his desire for unity by allusions to Judaic monotheism, but we can account for it more plausibly by the model of the great romantic tradition and even more simply by the logical necessities of the human mind. The continuities in Spitzer's thought are not, one must admit, always clearly visible. There is a gap between his mastery of minute details and his lofty generalizations on nations and spirits. He does not provide the concrete theory of literature which might fill it. Often Spitzer's way of presenting materials resembles the stylistic device he has studied in modern poets, "chaotic enumeration" (A 18, reprinted in A 23). But such catalogues like those of Walt Whitman and Paul Claudel—two poets Spitzer greatly admired—are inspired rather by a desire for simplicity and unity. Like these poets, Spitzer emerges as a monist in method and conviction. The impression of bewildering variety is deceptive. There is a unity not only of temperament but also of theory and practice in all his work.

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S. NAGARAJAN

Arnold and the *Bhagavad Gita*: A Reinterpretation Of *Empedocles on Etna*

THE AIM of this paper is to suggest a reinterpretation of Matthew Arnold's *Empedocles on Etna* in the light of "Oriental wisdom." The term is Arnold's. He wrote to Clough on March 1, 1848: "I am disappointed the Oriental wisdom, God grant it were mine, pleased you not."[1] The two had been, no doubt, acquainting themselves with Oriental wisdom sometime before this date. On March 4, 1848, he wrote again to Clough: "The Indians distinguish between meditation and absorption—and knowledge: and between abandoning practice and abandoning the fruits of action and all respect thereto. This last is a supreme step, and dilated on throughout the Poem."[2]

"The Poem," it is generally agreed, is the *Bhagavad Gita*. Arnold's language seems to echo the translation of Sir Charles Wilkins, which was made in 1785 and is the first English version of the Indian poem. Wilkins translates the twelfth stanza of the twelfth chapter thus: "Knowledge is better than practice, meditation is distinguished from knowledge, forsaking the fruit of action from meditation, for happiness hereafter is derived from such forsaking."[3] The original reads: "Knowledge is better than practice, meditation is better than knowledge, renouncing the fruit of action is better than meditation; peace immediately follows such renunciation." Again, in rendering the forty-third stanza of the second chapter, Wilkins introduces the word "absorption," for

[1] *The Letters of Matthew Arnold to Arthur Hugh Clough*, ed. H. F. Lowry (London and New York, 1932), p. 69.
[2] *Ibid.*, p. 71.
[3] The *Bhagvat-geeta*, trans. Charles Wilkins (London, 1785), p. 72.

which there is no equivalent in the original. He also used the word "meditation" for both the Sanskrit words *dhyāna* and *samādhi*.

These peculiarities of rendering are in none of the other translations available to Arnold: Schlegel's Latin translation published in 1823, Lassen's amplified and improved version of the latter published in 1846, and the Greek translation of Demetrios Galanos, also published in 1846. Arnold might have consulted either Schlegel or Lassen; Cockburn Thomson, who published his translation in 1855, writes that Schlegel's edition was the one "most generally used." Lionel Trilling's suspicion that Arnold probably read W. von Humboldt's essay on the *Bhagavad Gita*, published in Berlin in 1826, has now been confirmed by Kenneth Allott's publication of Arnold's reading lists contained in three early diaries.[4] Professor Daniel Ingalls of Harvard has kindly informed me that Humboldt uses words like *Vertiefung* and *Insichgekehrtheit* to explain the meaning of "yoga."[5] With this we may compare Arnold's "wiser wight" who "delves in his own bosom." Again, Empedocles, in Arnold's poem, advises Pausanias: "Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine." Humboldt writes: "... so bleibt doch die Insichgekehrtheit das auffallendste Merkmal, an dem man den yogi, d.h. den dem yoga sich Widmenden und in demselben Begriffenen erkennt." Humboldt also refers in his essay to the fragments of Empedocles. Again, in Lassen's edition there are frequent references to the essays of the great Indologist, H. T. Colebrooke. A collection of Colebrooke's essays was published in two volumes in

[4] Kenenth Allott, "Matthew Arnold's Reading-Lists in Three Early Diaries," *VS*, II (1959), 254-266. For Lionel Trilling's shrewd conjecture, see his *Matthew Arnold* (New York, 1939), p. 25. According to the reading lists published by Allott, Arnold seems to have read Victor Cousin's lectures on the history of modern philosophy, and he may have gathered some information regarding the *Gita* from Cousin's account of it. He is, however, free from the slight tendency toward misinterpretation that Cousin betrays in trying to translate the thought of the *Gita* into terms readily intelligible to a Western audience. Incidentally, Cousin declares in his lectures that his knowledge of Indian philosophy is entirely derived from Colebrook. I quote some relevant remarks from Cousin: "The Yogi searches only for God, but he finds him equally in everything. Only in order to contemplate him in all things, make an abstraction of that which is not him; it is only the substance of things, pure being, that it is necessary to consider; and as the end of contemplation is to unite ourselves to God, the means of arriving at this union is to resemble him as much as possible, that is to reduce ourselves to pure being, by the abolition of all thought, of every interior act; for the least thought, the least act would destroy the unity in dividing it, would modify and alter the absolute substance. This state of artificial absorption of the soul in itself, this suppression of every internal and external modification, and consequently of consciousness, and consequently of memory, is ecstacy. Ecstacy is the end of contemplation; it is to this that the Yogi tends, he aspires to annihilaite himself in God." *Course of the History of Modern Philosophy*, trans. O. W. Wight (New York, 1852), I, 397-398.

[5] *Proceedings of the Akademie der Wissenschaften*, 1826, p. 33.

London in 1837. Among these essays are fairly full accounts, liberally supported by translations of original texts, of "the Vedas or the Sacred Writings of the Hindus" and of the Hindu philosophical systems. Arnold thus had easy access to Indian thought. Though we cannot claim that he read Lassen or Colebrooke, the tone of the first reference, cited above, to Oriental wisdom, and the reading habits that his notebooks reveal make it very probable that he took some pains to consult whatever was available on Indian thought.

H. F. Lowry in his editorial note to Arnold's letter of March 4 to Clough suggests that the *Bhagavad Gita* "heavily influenced" Arnold's "Resignation" and other early poems. Clough deplored this exotic interest of his friend. In a review of Arnold's 1852 volume which included *Empedocles on Etna*, he quoted Arnold's poem "Morality," and expressed satisfaction that the poet had "for once" escaped from "the dismal cycle of his rehabilitated Hindoo-Greek philosophy."[6] Clough is very probably the Critias of Arnold's "The World and the Quietest" (1849), as Tinker and Lowry suggest in their book, *The Poetry of Matthew Arnold: A Commentary*. Critias asks:

> Why . . . be debating still?
> Why, with these mournful rhymes
> Learn'd in more languid climes,
> Blame our activity
> Who, with such passionate will,
> Are what we mean to be?

Is it entirely a "touchy" conscience in me that detects a reference here to the Indian climate?

In point of fact, therefore, there is nothing extravagant in certain recent attempts to interpret Arnold's poetry in the light of the philosophy of the *Bhagavad Gita*; his scholar gypsy, for instance, is seen as the type of the sage extolled in the *Gita*.[7] However, it seems to me that such an interpretation of "The Scholar Gypsy" is untenable, not only because the spirit of the *Gita* is very different from that of Arnold's poem but also because the *Gita* sage is expected to live *in* the world without being *of* it so that lesser mortals may have his inspiring example. The scholar gypsy, on the contrary, is asked to fly our paths lest we corrupt him. I find it difficult also to believe that the gypsy has seen the Supreme Spirit, as the *Gita* sage has.

Empedocles on Etna seems to me altogether a better example of the

[6] *Prose Remains*, ed. Mrs. Clough (London, 1888), p. 373.

[7] G. Wilson Knight, "*The Scholar Gipsy*: An Interpretation," *RES*, VI (1955), 53-62, and V. S. Seturaman, "*The Scholar Gipsy* and Oriental Wisdom," *RES*, IX (1958), 411-413.

Indian influence on Arnold's poetry. It was published in 1852, but we know that Arnold was at work on it in 1849. The letters to Clough, it will be recalled, were written in March 1848. Chronologically, therefore, the suggested influence is possible. Tinker and Lowry's *Commentary* does not consider this possibility, despite Lowry's own opinion expressed in his edition of Arnold's letters to Clough. In his voluminous biography of Arnold, L. Bonnerot writes:

> J'hésite à suivre le Professeur Lowry quand il incline à penser que la Bhagavad Gita a eu une forte influence sur *Resignation* et "autres poemes de jeunesse." Pour ma part, je ne relève aucune trace d'influence dans ce poème, et seulement quelques traces incertaines dans *The World and The Quietist, In Utrumque Paratus* et *Consolation*.[8]

I hope to show, on the contrary, that the intellectual frame of reference in *Empedocles on Etna* is substantially derived from the *Bhagavad Gita*.

The *Bhagavad Gita* is a synthesis—though a difference of opinion exists—of the various systems of thought that prevailed when it was composed. It lends itself, has in fact lent itself, to interpretations differing either essentially or in emphasis. One of the foremost interpreters is Samkara, the eighth-century Indian philosopher-saint who is largely responsible for the present structure of the philosophy known as *shuddhādvaita* or pure nondualism. Colebrooke in his account of the Vedānta relies exclusively on Samkara.[9] According to this philosophy, matter and the individual soul have no existence separate from or independent of the Absolute called the Brahman. In Colebrooke's words,

> The Supreme Being is one, sole-existent, secondless, entire, without parts, sempiternal, infinite, ineffable, invariable ruler of all, universal soul, truth, wisdom, intelligence, happiness. Individual souls, emanating from the Supreme One are likened to innumerable sparks issuing from a blazing fire. From him they proceed, and to him they return, being of the same essence. The soul which governs the body together with its organs neither is born; nor does it die. It is a portion of the divine substance; and as such, infinite, immortal, intelligent, sentient, and true.[10]

The identity of the Brahman and the Atman or the individual soul is the fundamental truth. He who has realized this truth is a yogi. In the language of Wilkins' *Gita*, "The man who is happy in his heart, at rest in his mind, and enlightened within is a Yogee or one devoted to God and of a godly Spirit; and obtaineth the immaterial nature of Brhm, the Supreme." Again: "The man who is thus constantly in the exercise of the soul and free from sin, enjoyeth eternal happiness, united with

[8] L. Bonnerot, *Matthew Arnold poète* (Paris, 1947), p. 244.
[9] H. T. Colebrooke, *Miscellaneous Essays* (London, 1837), I, 370 ff.
[10] *Ibid.*, p. 372.

Brhm, the Supreme. The man whose mind is endued with this devotion and looketh on all things alike, beholdeth the supreme soul in all things and all things in the supreme soul."[11] What prevents us from realizing this great truth is the ego sense in us. The yogi is free from the ego sense. As long as we do not realize the truth, we are driven from birth to death and birth again. "The whole scope of the Vedanta," writes Colebrooke "is to teach a doctrine by the knowledge of which an exemption from metempsychosis shall be attainable."[12]

In Arnold's first act we learn from Callicles, the harp player, that Empedocles is deeply agitated:

> 'Tis not the times, 'tis not the sophists vex him;
> There is some root of suffering in himself,
> Some secret and unfollow'd vein of woe
> Which makes the time look black and sad to him.

In the second scene, Pausanias urges Empedocles to impart to him the secret of Pantheia's cure; to know the spells of Empedocles which stay the hands of the gods "were to live free from terror." Empedocles replies:

> Mind is the spell which governs earth and heaven,
> Man has a mind with which to plan his safety;
> Know that, and help thyself.

Later he tells Pausanias that harsh gods and hostile fates are dreams:

> All things the world which fill
> Of but one stuff are spun.
> That we who rail are still
> With what we rail at, one.

Man's "safety" lies in knowing this truth; only thus will he be free from vain beliefs and idle hopes and fears. In the second act, Empedocles reiterates his view that the discontent which eats away the heart of man comes from man's failure "to see a whole" unifying the thousand glimpses that the wind-borne, mirroring soul wins. We are "prisoners of our consciousness" and "never clasp and feel the All." We are lost in "the forms and modes and stifling veils" that our ego sense imposes on reality. The delusion of which Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita* speaks to his disciple Arjuna is the inability to distinguish the Self from the non-Self or the ego. When Arjuna crosses the "slough of delusion," he will achieve indifference "regarding things already heard and things yet to be heard" (II, 52). Again: "When a man completely casts off

[11] Wilkins, *op. cit.*, pp. 46, 49.
[12] Colebrooke, *op. cit.*, p. 237.

all desires of the mind, his Self finding satisfaction in Itself alone, then he is called a man of steady wisdom" (II, 55). Such a person is not agitated by adversity; he does not long for happiness; he is free from attachment, fear and wrath. Empedocles advises a similar ideal:

> Ask not what days and nights
> In trance Pantheia lay,
> But ask how thou such sights
> May'st see without dismay;
> Ask what most helps when known, thou son of Anchitus.

What weighs us down is not the world but "the burden of ourselves," our ego consciousness. But the "wiser wight"

> In his own bosom delves,
> And asks what ails him so, and gets what cure he can.

The will of man insists that he is unique, separate, that the world exists but for his welfare. This is an illusion. It is we who must mark the world's course. We must give up our fragmentary view of the world. The fragmentary view is caused by the identification of the Atman with the mind and the senses, whereas the mind is only an instrument of knowledge, the Atman alone being the seer. Knowledge or perception is a thought wave in the mind. The ego identifies itself with the thought waves, classifying them as pleasant or unpleasant. The real self, the All, remains forever outside the power of these thought waves. The East cries to the West:

> Poor World . . . so deep accurst,
> That runn'st from pole to pole
> To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—
> Go, seek it in thy soul.
> "Obermann I" (1849)

The distinction of the poet in Arnold's "Resignation" is that he has no ego of his own and can therefore participate in the "general life":

> He only lives with the world's life,
> Who hath renounced his own.

The poet has grasped the idea of the world, and is "not prevailed over by the world's multitudinousness." In his lecture on "Literature and Science" (1882), Arnold justified the high value and indispensability of poetry on the score that poetry alone can *integrate* knowledge, which would otherwise remain fragmentary and cause mental oppression. Poetry can achieve this noble task because the poet has a unique grasp of the oneness of all life. In his essay on Maurice de Guérin, Arnold wrote:

> The grand power of poetry is its interpretative power; by which I mean, not a power of drawing out in black and white an explanation of the mystery of the Universe, but the power of so dealing with things as to awaken in us a wonderfully full, new, and intimate sense of them, and our relations with them. When this sense is awakened in us as to objects without us, we feel ourselves to be in contact with the essential nature of those objects, to be no longer bewildered and oppressed by them but to have their secret and to be in harmony with them; and this feeling calms and satisfies us as no other can. Poetry indeed interprets in another way besides this; but one of its two ways of interpreting, of exercising its highest power, is by awakening this sense in us.

Trilling quotes Schopenhauer's description of the nature of genius as consisting in a pre-eminent capacity for pure contemplation which ends entirely in the object; it is well known that Schopenhauer was deeply influenced by the *Bhagavad Gita*. He wrote:

> Now, as this requires that a man should entirely forget himself and the relations in which he stands, genius is simply the completest objectivity ["you poor subjective, you," Arnold called Clough], i.e., the objective tendency of the mind, as opposed to the subjective, which is directed to one's own self—in other words to the will... Genius... is the power of entirely renouncing one's own personality for a time, so as to remain *pure knowing subject*... and this not merely at moments, but for a sufficient length of time, and with sufficient consciousness, to enable one to reproduce by deliberate art what has thus been apprehended...

This is very close to the Vedantic apology for art as providing a temporary transcendence of the "egocentric" predicament, revealing the real nature of the Atman. Arnold's justification of poetry agrees with his insistence in *Empedocles on Etna* that our misery results from the failure to realize the All. Later, Arnold propounded a theory of culture as "the endeavour to see things as they are, to draw towards a knowledge of the universal order which seems to be intended and aimed at in the world, and which it is a man's happiness to go along with or his misery to go counter to,—to learn, in short, the will of God."

Empedocles insists that it is neither the pursuit of pleasure nor the forsaking of the world that matters. So Krishna in the *Bhagavad Gita* advises Arjuna that perfection is not attained by mere abstinence from action or by mere renunciation but by knowledge of the self. Empedocles says:

> Once read thy own breast right,
> And thou hast done with fears;
> Man gets no other light,
> Search he a thousand years.
> Sink in thyself! there ask what ails thee, at that shrine.

[13] See Trilling, *op. cit.*, p. 25.

Man is miserable because he makes his will the "measure of his rights." We evaluate all our experience in terms of our ego. We thus become the "fools of our own woes."

There is a thirst for bliss in us. The thirst arises from the essential identity of the Atman with the Brahman. Man's error consists in seeking to quench the thirst in the world of appearance, of Māyā, as the Vedantin would say. The error is created by ourselves; we make "the mists / Through which to see less clear." As long as we do not look within, we shall not have "inward peace." "We would have misery cease, / Yet will not cease from sin." Sin, according to the *Bhagavad Gita*, consists in the willful ignorance of our true nature. The ignorance can be ended whenever we so desire; our salvation lies in our hands. "Our own acts, for good or ill, are mightier powers." We are ruled by the karma, of which we are the only begetters. Whether an act is good or bad depends on whether it advances or retards our progress toward the truth.

But, even when a man forsakes all sin, "other existences there are, that clash with ours." Even if nature did not harm us, "the ill deeds of other men make often our life dark." Arnold's answer to this problem is based on the description in the *Bhagavad Gita* of the *sthitaprajña*, the man "founded" in wisdom. In the *Gita* Krishna describes the characteristics of a man who has attained yoga. Yoga is the state of one who is founded in wisdom. Yoga implies evenness of mind in success and failure alike. The yogi does his allotted duty, unconcerned with the fruit of action. Arnold's version is:

> What were the wise man's plan
> Through this sharp toil-set life,
> To work as best he can,
> And win what's best won by strife.

We may compare this advice with Krishna's doctrine of karma yoga. "He unto whom all desires enter as waters into the sea which though ever being filled is ever motionless, achieves peace, and not he who clings to desires," says the *Bhagavad Gita*. Empedocles' final advice to Pausanias is that he should pursue human effort without fear and without extravagant hope, without dreaming or despairing. Bidding farewell to Pausanias, Empedocles goes up the mountain. The symbolic significance in Arnold's poetry of mountains, rivers, valleys, and cities has been noted often. The mountain is the home of the river which represents human life.

In the second act we learn the cause of Empedocles' suffering. He cannot live with men or with himself. He sees but one way of escape. Addressing the elements, he says:

> Before the sophist-brood hath overlaid
> The last spark of man's consciousness with words,
> Ere quite the being of man, ere quite the world,
> Be disarray'd of their divinity,
> Before the soul lose all her solemn joys,
> And awe be dead, and hope impossible,
> And the soul's deep eternal night come on—
> Receive me . . . take me home.

Empedocles wishes to get beyond discursive knowledge of the Atman to meditation or absorption, to *samadhi*. The *spark* which illuminates man's consciousness is the Atman itself, the divinity in the being of man which is identical with the divinity in the world. The eternal night of the soul is the failure to realize the identity of the Atman with the Brahman. The realization is yoga. We must become, says Empedocles, "one with which we are one with the whole world." I am Brahman, says the Upanishadic sage, all this is verily Brahman. This supreme knowledge is called Upanishad; the *Bhagavad Gita* is an Upanishad. The term is explained in the notes to Lassen's edition of the *Gita* and also by Colebrooke. Upanishad means the knowledge which destroys the ignorance of the true nature of the self. Such knowledge is the "truth of the truth," *Satyasya Satyam*, says the Brhadāranyaka Upanishad (II, i, 20). In Arnold's "prose-outline and summary of the poem he wanted to create," Empedocles is thus conceived: "He sees things as they are—the world as it is—God as he is: in their stern simplicity . . . He perceives still the truth of the truth [*sic*] but cannot be transported and rapturously agitated by his grandeur."[14] That is, he has a theoretical understanding of the truth, knowledge, but cannot achieve "meditation or absorption."

Therefore, he is plunged into frustration, and courage is not the cure for his sorrow. He has not succeeded in annihilating his ego-consciousness, his *ahamkara*. The obdurate sense of "I-ness" is the "salt-estranging sea that confines the mortal millions to live alone, enisled in the sea of life." The same thought occurs in a poem published in 1849:

> . . . man's one nature, queen-like, sits alone,
> Centered in majestic unity
>
> And rays her powers, like sister-islands seen
> Linking their coral arms under the sea,
> Or cluster'd peaks with plunging gulfs between
>
> Spann'd by aerial arches all of gold,

[14] Tinker and Lowry, *The Poetry of Matthew Arnold; A Commentary* (London, 1940), p. 291.

> Whereo'er the chariot wheels of life are roll'd
> In cloudy circles to eternity—
> "Written in Butler's Sermons"

The Brahman-Atman identity is the "buried life" of the poem of this name:

> . . . in the din of strife
> There rises an unspeakable desire
> After the knowledge of our buried life;
> A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
> In tracking out our true original course;
> A longing to inquire
> Into the mystery of this heart which beats
> So wild, so deep in us—to know
> Whence our lives come and where they go.
> And many a man in his own breast then delves
> But deep enough, alas, none ever mines . . .
> And long we try in vain to speak and act
> Our hidden self, and what we say and do
> Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true.
> (1852)

The explication of these lines in terms of Indian thought is fairly clear.

Callicles tries to soothe the troubled spirit of Empedocles with song. But Empedocles refuses to accept the song, for instance, on Typho under Etna as a consolation though, he admits, it is meaningful as a representation of this "envious, miserable age" where littleness oppresses greatness. Poetry and music are unsatisfying substitutes for the wisdom he seeks. According to the Vedānta, while art experience is akin to *moksha*, it is inferior to *moksha* because it is transient and does not involve the permanent destruction of *avidya*; "in Samkara's words, life is characterised by *avidya-kama-karma*, i.e., desire and strife, arising out of the ignorance of the ultimate truth . . . The elimination of *kama* and *karman* while their cause *avidya* continues in a latent form, marks the aesthetic attitude; the dismissal of *avidya* even in this latent form marks the saintly attitude."[15] The poet is, in a sense, doubly unfortunate. The poetic gift keeps him safe from "the profane" but the solitude is oppressive—the romantic dilemma of the artist. The gift removes him from the company of men but increases the "burden of ourselves." He cannot go back to the world; men rid him of the "presence of himself," and haunt him "till the absence from himself / That other torment, grow unbearable." But in solitude he finds the air too keen for him. What is needed is an upward self-transcendence, the

[15] M. Hiriyanna, *Art Experience* (Mysore, 1954), p. 9.

annihilation of the isolating sense of "I-ness." Mr. Aldous Huxley has illustrated in his novels how most people practice some kind of self-transcendence to escape from the tormenting sense of being merely oneself—horizontal self-transcendence into nuclear research, the pursuit of a hobby, composing music or poetry or learned articles or downward self-transcendence into herd intoxication, alcoholism, and elementary sexuality. These modes of self-transcendence, he says, afford a temporary relief which, in some obvious instances, is worse than the disease.[16]

Those were happy days when the consciousness of man had not become a tyrant, and it was possible to find a satisfactory escape in the manner of a Callicles from "the sacred load"—man's deep-seated longing to know the truth of the truth. Arnold suggests that the exacerbation of consciousness which afflicts Empedocles is the result of being born in one age and living on into another. The winds of change provoke us to wrap the cloak of the ego more closely round us. (Arnold's attitude toward the scholar gypsy is relevant here.) Arnold is saying, in effect, that the sense of the unity of all being which is the only source of abiding happiness is difficult to realize in an age of transition. The pace of external change frightens men into seeking stability, the sense of "I am," by developing their egos. Empedocles has become a devouring flame of thought, a naked, eternally restless mind. He decides that the only way of escaping from his ego consciousness, of realizing the unity of all being, is to die: "To the elements it came from / Everything will return . . ."

But, of course, mere death unaccompanied by the annihilation of the ego sense leads to rebirth. The *Bhagavad Gita* says that, when the individual soul takes up a body or leaves it, the soul takes the senses and the mind with it, as "the wind carries perfumes from their places," the gross physical body being destroyed by cremation or burial (Chapter XIII; the *Gita* adopts the Samkhya view of which Colebrooke gives an account). So Empedocles says:

> But mind, but thought—
> If these have been the master part of us—
> Where will *they* find their parent element?
> What will receive *them*, who will call them home?
> But we shall still be in them, and they in us,
> And we shall be the strangers of the world,
> And they will be our lords, as they are now;
> And keep us prisoners of our consciousness,
> And never let us clasp and feel the All
> But through their forms, and modes, and stifling veils.

[16] Aldous Huxley, *The Devils of Loudun* (New York, 1952), appendix.

(Aldous Huxley, whose interest in Indian thought is well known, has given a most interesting representation of how rebirth takes place in his novel, *Time Must Have a Stop*.) The saint who has worn out his ego sense, and has died to the life of the senses, is not reborn; he will remain, after the death of the body, ever in the Atman. But those who have an ego sense must be reborn:

> And we shall be unsatisfied as now;
> And we shall feel the agony of thirst,
> The ineffable longing for the life of life
> Baffled for ever; and still thought and mind
> Will hurry us with them on their homeless march,
> Over the unallied unopening earth,
> Over the unrecognising sea; while air
> Will blow us fiercely back to sea and earth,
> And fire repel us from its living waves.

As long as the ego sense lasts, the senses cannot be dispersed to their original elements; we must return "Back to this meadow of calamity, / This uncongenial place, this human life." To escape from the cycle of birth and rebirth, we must "poise" our life, become true "To our only true, deep-buried selves, / Being one with which we are one with the whole world." Arnold describes rebirth as "falling away" "Into some bondage of the flesh or mind / Some slough of sense, or some fantastic maze / Forged by the imperious lonely thinking power."

The task is urgent; for *karma*, which signifies the inescapable consequences of our actions, good and bad, accumulates in each birth. So,

> Each succeeding age in which we are born
> Will have more peril for us than the last...
> Will make ourselves harder to be discern'd.

Arnold knew that men would be tempted to flee into the past instead of facing the task. But we cannot cheat ourselves with such a sham solution.

> ...the reality will pluck us back,
> Knead us in its hot hand, and change our nature
> And we shall feel our powers of effort flag,
> And rally them for one last fight—and fail.
> And we shall sink in the impossible strife
> And be astray for ever.

The lines recall Shelley's more famous description of the benediction which the eclipsing curse of birth can quench not, that sustaining love which burns bright or dim, "as each are mirrors of / The fire for which all thirst" (*Adonais*).

Empedocles contends that he has not been a slave of sense but perhaps a slave of thought, which has kept him "far from my own soul, far from warmth and light." But he has not loved "darkness," the eternal darkness of the soul; in the *Bhagavad Gita*, the Lord says, "Among thousands of men scarcely one strives for perfection and of those who strive and succeed, scarcely one knows me in truth" (VII, 3); it is clear where Empedocles belongs. He even feels momentarily that he has a vision of the truth. And the *Bhagavad Gita* says that whoever, at the time of death, gives up his body thinking of God alone reaches God. Empedocles feels that the "numbing cloud" has lifted from his soul; "I breathe free." "Ere the mists of despondency and gloom rush over his soul, he wishes to die, and be reunited with the Universe," as Arnold puts it in his prose outline of the poem. In the outline, Arnold also says that Empedocles wishes to die before the exaggeration of his "human side", i.e., his ego consciousness, utterly estranges him from the truth of the truth.

It is obvious that this is hardly a solution; a temporary release from the ego sense is confounded with the annihilation of the ego. T. S. Eliot, occupied with the same problem of self-transcendence, warns us that "the shaft of sunlight" is only a hint, a guess, a hint followed by a guess; "and the rest / Is prayer, observance, discipline, thought and action."[17] Arnold, of course, realized his mistake. He repudiated the attitude of Empedocles both in the 1853 preface and in his letter to Henry Dunn of November 12, 1867. The suffering of Empedocles was meaningless; his self-analysis proved futile. The poet had perhaps added to the knowledge of men, but he had not added to their joy. In the letter to Dunn, Arnold said: "If the creed of Empedocles were, as exhibited in my poem, a satisfying one he ought to have lived after delivering himself of it, not died."[18]

The making of a poem is a complex process. Various influences enter the poet's mind, and become amalgamated. When the poetic process is complete, the component influences are not always easily or precisely discerned; I hope I have been sufficiently aware of the consequent danger of exaggerating the scope of a partial influence. Influences are more difficult to track down than sources; the task is, of course, not of primary importance. But it sometimes helps to understand a poem better if we know its intellectual "framework." The framework for Arnold's poem exists, substantially, in the *Bhagavad Gita*.

Ganeshkhind, Poona, India

[17] T. S. Eliot, *Four Quartets* ("The Dry Salvages").
[18] Quoted in Tinker and Lowry, *op. cit.*, p. 287.

NICOLAS J. PERELLA

Amarilli's Dilemma: The *Pastor Fido* and Some English Authors

FOLLOWING its publication in 1590, Giambattista Guarini's *Pastor Fido* won such admiration as to become for almost two centuries the *livre de chevet* of all Europe. As in other countries, so too in England its popularity was both immediate and far-reaching.[1] An indication of how well known this Italian pastoral tragicomedy was and how rapidly the habit of "borrowing" from it spread is provided in a scene from Ben Jonson's *Volpone* (1605). In Jonson's play, there appears a garrulous lady who is clearly a caricature of the Italianate

[1] The *Pastor Fido* was first published in 1590 in Venice. In 1591 an Italian edition was printed in London. The first English translation appeared in 1601. This version is generally attributed to a kinsman of Sir Edward Dymocke, the clue to the translator's identity being supplied by an introductory sonnet written by the poet Samuel Daniel to that gentleman. Daniel's sonnet indicates the early esteem the English had for Guarini:

> "I do rejoice learned and worthy Knight,
> That by the hand of thy kind Country-man
> (This painfull and industrious Gentleman)
> Thy deare esteem'd Guarini comes to light:
> Who in thy love I know took great delight
> As those in his who now in England can
> Speake as good English as Italian,
> And here enjoys the grace of his owne right.
> Though I remember he hath oft imbas'd
> Unto us both, the virtues of the North,
> Saying, our costes were with no measures grac'd,
> Nor barbarous tongues could any verse bring forth.
> I would he sawe his owne, or knew our store,
> Whose spirits can yield as much, and if not more."

vogue in English society. In discussing with Volpone the requisites of a lady's education, she comes to the question of the poets to be read:

> Petrarch? or Tasso? or Dante?
> Guerrini [*sic*]? Ariosto? Aretine?
> Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.

Guarini, however, receives special attention:

> Here's Pastor Fido...
> All our English writers
> I mean such as are happy in th' Italian
> Will deigne to steale out of this author, mainly;
> Almost as much as from Montaigne:
> He has so moderne, and, facile a veine,
> Fitting the time, and catching the court-eare.
> (III, 4)

Besides this "so moderne, and, facile a veine," Guarini's play presented the reader with something unique in a pastoral drama—passages which gave food for reflections of a philosophical and moral nature. This delighted many who found in the work a rich and profound significance. Sir Richard Fanshawe, whose translation of the *Pastor Fido* was the first in English of any literary value, claimed that Guarini, in writing his pastoral drama, was seeking

> to insinuate and bring into that awful presence [the Duke of Savoy], in their masking clothes, such principles of Vertue, and knowledge Moral, Politicall, and Theologicall, as in their own grave habits, out of the mouthes of severer Instructors, would not have found so easie admittance to a Prince in the heat of his youth.[2]

In giving to his shepherds and nymphs both a sophisticated language and an unusual capacity for abstruse philosophical speculation, Guarini left himself open to the charge of transgression against the Horatian principle of decorum. This accusation was brought by Ben Jonson when he said that "Guarini, in his *Pastor Fido*, kept not decorum, in making Shepherds speak as well as himself could."[3] The same criticism had been made in Italy by those opponents of Guarini's pastoral play who adhered to the moralistic theories of literature fostered by the Counter Reformation, and who were the staunchest defenders of neoclassic concepts and the law of decorum. Thus Faustino Summo, attacking the

[2] Richard Fanshawe, *The Faithful Shepherd* (London, 1647), from the dedicatory letter to the Prince of Wales. Fanshawe's claim is extravagant, to say the least.

[3] *Ben Jonson's Conversations with Wm. Drummond of Hawthornden*, ed. R. F. Patterson (London, 1923), p. 7. And again: "Lucan, Sidney, Guarini, make every man speak as well as themselves, forgetting decorum" (*ibid.*, p. 51). Jonson visited Drummond in Scotland in the winter of 1618-19.

Pastor Fido in 1600, claimed that any kind of pastoral poetry should be brief and give expression to rustic and uncomplicated loves.[4] Similarly, Giovan Pietro Malacreta protested that, in place of the simplicity of manners and mentality of true shepherds, the *Pastor Fido* attributes to its characters a skill and propensity for metaphysical speculation that would do honor to Ptolemy and Plato ("le quali cose basterebbero a un Tolomeo, a un Platone").[5]

However, the *Pastor Fido* hardly suffered in popularity because of such protests, especially in the first half of the seventeenth century, which saw the triumph of baroque tendencies. But, as changing aesthetic and taste fostered by neoclassic ideals made themselves more and more felt, those who objected to philosophical disquisitions in pastoral poetry grew in numbers, particularly in France and England.

On the one hand, there was opposition in the name of a realism which was still very much the law of decorum and verisimilitude. Dryden, for example, in his "Preface" to *Sylvae* (1685) judges Theocritus and Tasso favorably against Virgil and Guarini according to this law. The shepherds of Theocritus, Dryden writes,

> never rise above their country education in their complaints of love: there is the same difference betwixt him and Virgil, as there is betwixt Tasso's *Aminta* and the *Pastor Fido* of Guarini. Virgil's shepherds are too well read in the philosophy of Epicurus and of Plato, and Guarini's seem to have been bred in the courts. But Theocritus and Tasso have taken theirs from cottages and plains.[6]

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[4] "Imperciocchè le cose de pastori voglion esser comprese non in lunga azione, ma in breve, quantunque più o meno secondo l'occasione non contenendo esse per lo più altro in se che alcune poche loro ristrette faccende, e certi lor simplici e rozzi amori e simili altri pensieri di poco conto, tutti però per la loro simplicità vaghi, graziosi, piacevoli, e verisimili." *Due discorsi l'uno contra le tragicommedie, e le pastorali, l'altro contra il Pastor Fido tragicommedia pastorale.* Published first in 1600 at Padua. Reprinted in the sumptuous Tumermani edition of Guarini's works, from which I quote: *Delle opere del cavalier Battista Guarini* (Verona, 1737), pp. 573-574.

[5] G. P. Malacreta, *Considerationi sopra il Pastor Fido* ... (Vicenza, 1600, and Venice, 1601). Also in *Delle opere del cavalier Battista Guarini* (Verona, 1736), IV, 30.

[6] *Essays*, ed. W. P. Ker (Oxford, 1900), I, 265. Cf. Malacreta's similar objection. The French Jesuit Rapin exercised much influence on English opinion in this matter. In 1659, in his *Dissertatio de Carmine Pastorali*, he insisted that pastoral poetry was not to admit of any violent passions, that it should be "full of simple and inartificial neatness," and that it should represent the simplicity of the golden age. So too in his *Réflexions sur la Poétique d'Aristote* (1674), which was translated into English in 1694, Rapin maintains that decorum is the first rule for poetry in general, "it being the most solid Foundation of that probability so essential to this Art." Italian pastoral writers are accused of violating this fundamental principle: "Guarini in his *Pastor Fido*, and Bonarelli in his *Phillis* are often guilty of this Vice, they always think rather to speak things *wittily*, than *naturally*; this is the most ordinary Rock to mean Wits, who suffer their Fancy

Thus in the history of criticism of the *Pastor Fido*, the condemnation of the "wretched affectation of learning," as Dryden called it,[7] often accompanied the more general protests against the excessive use of *concetti* and other baroque features of Guarini's style.

At the same time, there developed an opposition to the contamination of the pastoral world which stemmed from the growing neoclassic view that pastoral poetry should offer to its readers a refuge from the serious problems of life and so portray only the innocence and joy of the shepherd's lot—with a cautious avoidance of a realism that might necessitate a description of the harsher side of the shepherd's life.[8] This line of thinking was to culminate in the reflections of Pope on pastoral poetry. In the *Discourse on Pastoral Poetry*, which he claimed to have written when he was sixteen, Pope maintains that "we must therefore use some illusion to render a pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries."[9] With Pope, as with his predecessors, Guarini's play served as a focal point in determining what pastoral poetry should not be like. On July 2, 1706, in a letter to William Walsh, Pope wrote concerning an ideal for pastoral comedy: "I should certainly displease all those

to flye out after the pleasing Images they find in their Way." *Monsieur Rapin's Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie Made English by Mr. Rymer* (London, 1694), pp. 59-60.

[7] Dryden, in his dedicatory letter "To the Right Honorable Hugh Lord Clifford Baron of Chudlaigh," in presenting his translations of Virgil's eclogues, says of Spenser's *Shepheardes Calender* that "it is not to be matched in any modern language, not even by Tasso's *Aminta*, which infinitely transcends Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, as having more of nature in it, and being almost wholly clear from the wretched affectation of learning." *The Works of Virgil Translated into English by John Dryden* (London, 1819), I, 53.

[8] This criterion was insisted upon most eloquently by Fontenelle, who along with Père Rapin greatly influenced English attitudes toward pastoral poetry in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. In his *Discours sur la nature de l'églogue* (1688), he expounded a concept of pastoral poetry as escape literature: "Je conçois donc que la Poësie pastorale n'a pas de grands charmes, si elle est aussi grossière que le naturel... Entendre parler de Brebis et de Chèvres, des soins qu'il faut prendre de ces Animaux, cela n'a rien par soi-même qui puisse plaire. Ce qui plait, c'est l'idée de tranquillité attachée à la vie de ceux qui prennent soin des Brebis et des Chèvres... Car les hommes veulent être heureux, et ils voudraient l'être à peu de frais." From this critical perspective, the baroquely fashioned pastorals of Guarini and other Italian authors are judged as not worth the reading: "...on doit s'épargner la peine de lire des Poësies pastorales du Guarini, du Bonarelli et du Cavalier Marin, pour y trouver rien de pastorale." *Œuvres* (Paris, 1761), IV, 137, 154.

[9] *The Works of Alexander Pope* (London, 1871), I, 260. The *Discourse* was first published in 1717, when Pope was twenty-nine. Pope's thoughts on pastoral poetry are almost directly dependent upon Rapin and Fontenelle.

who are charmed with Guarini and Bonarelli, and imitate Tasso not only in the simplicity of his thoughts, but in that of the fable too."[10]

The dual line of criticism of philosophical content and preciosity of language in the pastoral is nicely exemplified by Lord Chesterfield's ironic comment in a context which reveals that, even in the middle of the eighteenth century, no matter what one thought of Guarini's play, it was still a work to be reckoned with because of its great fame. In a letter of February 8, 1750, Lord Chesterfield, in counseling his son what to read of Italian literature, mentions only five poets, of whom Ariosto and Tasso are considered the greatest. Of the remaining three, Dante is said to be "not worth the pains necessary to understand him," and Petrarch is dispatched as a "sing-song love-sick Poet." The last is Guarini, who, while not to Chesterfield's taste, cannot be so easily dismissed:

> The *Pastor Fido* of Guarini is so celebrated, that you should read it; but in reading it, you will judge of the great propriety of the characters. A parcel of shepherds and shepherdesses, with the true pastoral simplicity, talk metaphysics, epigrams, concetti, and quibbles, by the hours, to each other.[11]

Of the many philosophical or "metaphysical" passages in Guarini's tragicomedy, none was more widely known, quoted, and pirated than the verses spoken by the nymph Amarilli in her monologue of the third act. Although in love with the shepherd Mirtillo—who in turn loves her—the nymph, because of a pledge (made by her father when she was an infant) to wed Silvio, is forced to conceal and smother her true emotions. The law of the land forbids the breaking of such pledges on pain of death. It is in this context that Amarilli questions the order of things, and, in a moment of insinuating casuistry, bemoans the apparent conflict between nature and human law:

> Se 'l peccar è sì dolce
> e 'l non peccar sì necessario, oh troppo
> imperfetta natura
> che repugni a la legge;

[10] *Works*, VI, 51. As we shall see, Pope did in fact twice imitate a thought and expression of Guarini, although not in a pastoral context.

[11] It is interesting to compare Chesterfield's judgment of Guarini and the reference to "metaphysics" as being in an inappropriate context with Dryden's judgment of Donne as a love poet. Dryden says that Donne "affects the metaphysicks, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where Nature only should reign; and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softnesses of love." "On the Origin and Progress of Satire," in *The Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works of John Dryden* (London, 1800), III, 79.

oh troppo dura legge
che la natura offendi!
(III, 4)

Yet the conflict is even deeper, for the law in question has been imposed by the goddess Diana. Thus the contrast, as the play has it, is really between nature and fate (religion) or between natural and divine law.

These verses and the philosophical or moral problem they express aroused Pierre Bayle's enthusiasm. Having noted the accusations of licentiousness that had been frequently raised against Guarini's work, he writes: "Je ne crois qu'il y ait rien d'aussi fort dans son ouvrage que la scène qui a été si bien traduite en français par la contesse de la Suze. Il y touche l'un des plus incompréhensibles mystères de la nature."[12] Concerning Amarilli's dilemma and complaint, he makes the following observation:

Sans la révélation de Moïse, il n'est pas possible de rien comprendre là-dedans, et je me suis cent fois étonné que les anciens philosophes aient fait si peu d'attention à cela. Je ne parle que des philosophes qui ont connu l'unité de Dieu; car ceux qui, selon la religion de leur pays, admettaient la pluralité de dieux, n'ont dû trouver là aucune difficulté: ils n'avaient qu'à supposer qu'un dieu était cause du penchant de la nature, et que d'autres divinités nous imprimaient les instincts de la conscience, et les idées de l'honneur. La difficulté ne regardait que ceux qui étaient persuadés que l'univers est l'ouvrage d'un Dieu infiniment saint. Comment se peut-il faire que sous un principe de cette nature, le genre humain soit attiré vers le mal par une amorce presque insurmontable, je veux dire par le sentiment du plaisir, et qu'il en soit détourné par la crainte des remords, ou par celle de l'infamie, et de plusieurs autres peines; et qu'il passe toute sa vie dans ce contraste de passions; tiraillé tantôt d'un côté, tantôt de l'autre, tantôt vaincu par le plaisir, tantôt par la crainte des suites? La manichéisme est apparemment sorti d'une forte méditation sur ce déplorable état de l'homme.[13]

Now it was precisely Amarilli's dilemma, which gave such food for thought to Bayle, that Joseph Addison, in an article on pastoral poetry for *The Guardian*, chose in order to point to the nonpastoral nature of the *Pastor Fido* and of Italian pastoral drama in general:

In the *Pastor Fido*, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires. Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.[14]

[12] *Dictionnaire historique et critique de Pierre Bayle*, nouvelle éd. (Paris, 1820), VII, 303. The verses in French as Bayle presents them are: "Sans doute, ou la nature est imparfaite en soi, / Qui nous donne un penchant que condamne la loi: / Ou la loi doit passer pour une loi trop dure, / Qui condamne un penchant que donne la nature."

[13] *Ibid.*, p. 307.

[14] *The Guardian*, No. 28, Apr. 13, 1713.

But whatever one thought of Amarilli's dilemma and her verses, they were familiar enough to be taken up seriously or used for purposes of burlesque, as may be seen in the cases noted below of "borrowing" by some English authors, from John Donne to Alexander Pope.

Amarilli's dilemma is, after all, one that is very familiar to us: in the nymph's breast there rages the conflict between passion and the sense of honor or duty. After Corneille, Racine, and Metastasio, such a situation seems a commonplace. But it needs to be pointed out that the basic dramatic situation of conflict within the female heart, which was to become practically the mainspring of seventeenth-century French tragedy, received its first important dramatic and casuistical treatment in Guarini's *Pastor Fido*. It was indeed as much Amarilli's casuistry as her dilemma itself that gave to her situation its modernity and brought the nymph's words so frequently to mind.

Thus in a story entitled "The Disloyal Wife" by Sir William Temple, Flaminia, married against her will to a gentleman, but desperately in love with Cleanthes, gives in to her passion for the latter only after concluding her inner conflict with words borrowed from Guarini's Amarilli:

> Because my parents condemn mee to bee miserable must I consent myself to the arrest. What is this wee call honor that keeps us in awe but an idle dreame of jealous husbands; if nature intended it should bee so necessary to bee innocent why did shee give us desires why did shee make it so pleasing to sinn.[15]

Here then, Amarilli's words, which, despite their implicit casuistry, expressed for the nymph a dilemma, are made to rationalize and justify a guilty passion.

An echo of Amarilli's complaint seems to have found its way into a passage of John Donne's famous poem "The Relique":

> Our hands ne'er toucht the seales,
> Which *nature, injur'd by late law,* sets free.

The phrase "injur'd by late law" is parenthetical in the context of the poem. There is no question of a conflict between the feeling the lovers have for each other and a moral or religious restriction, for what is proclaimed by Donne's poem is the absolute absence of drama from the couple's miraculously pure love—"Difference of sex no more wee knew, / Than our Guardian Angells doe." The phrase thus strikes us as an incidental complaint that Donne—with Amarilli's words "oh troppo dura legge / che la natura offendi" in mind—has interpolated.[16]

[15] *The Early Essays and Romances of Sir William Temple Bt.*, ed. G. C. Moore Smith (Oxford, 1930), p. 118.

[16] Grierson and Theodore Redpath have pointed to Ovid as the source of

Turning to John Gay, who knew the Italian poets well, we find that he kept the striking antitheses of Guarini's verses while adapting them to a burlesque or humorous end. Thus in his tragi-comi-pastoral farce, *What D'Ye Call It*, an unhappy damsel, Dorcas (who is husbandless but with child), sighs:

> Ah why does nature give us so much cause
> To make kind-hearted lasses break the laws?
> Why should hard laws kind-hearted lasses bind,
> When too soft nature draws us after kind?[17]

Andrew Marvell also manipulated Guarini's striking verses into burlesque for the purpose of satire. In *The Rehearsal Transprosed*, Marvell is set upon attacking a new book of a "wanton and incontinent scribbler" who had promised in an earlier work to write no more. Recalling this promise, Marvell says of the author that:

> Alas, instead of his own, was fallen now into Amarylli's dilemma. I perceive the gentleman hath travelled by his remembering *Chi lava la testa al asino perde il sapone*; and therefore hope I may without pedantry quote the words in her own whining Italian:
>
> S'il peccar è sì dolce e 'l non peccar sì necessario,
> O troppo imperfetta natura che ripugni a la legge!
> O troppo dura legge che natura offendi![18]

To make sure that the point he is making is not missed, Marvell renders Guarini's verses into the following English translation in which *peccar* is made to read *scribble*:

> If to scribble be so sweet, and not to scribble be so necessary;
> O too frail inclination, that contradicteth obligation!
> O too severe obligation, that offendeth inclination!

Donne's lines. Ovid's lines are: "Felices quibus ista licent! Humana malignas / Cura dedit leges et quod natura remittit / Invida jura negant" (*Metamorphoses*, X, 329 ff.). Redpath also points to the English rendering of Ovid by the Elizabethan translator Golding as being strikingly similar to Donne's lines: "... and spiteful laws restrain / The things that nature setteth free." *The Songs and Sonnets of John Donne*, ed. Theodore Redpath (London, 1956), p. 111. The verbal similarity of Donne's phrase to that spoken by Amarilli seems to me at least as close. It is not unlikely that both Ovid and Guarini were present in Donne's mind. Donne, like most of his contemporaries, knew Guarini's works well. It was from a madrigal of the Italian poet that he got the famous image of the compass that has made Donne's poem "A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning" so well known and quoted as a perfect example of the metaphysical conceit. See Mario Praz's *Secentismo e marinismo in Inghilterra* (Florence, 1925), p. 109, note.

[17] *The What D'Ye Call It, A Tragi-Comi-Pastoral Farce*, 4th ed. (London, 1725), p. 12.

[18] Andrew Marvell, *The Complete Works*, ed. A. Grosart (London, 1872-75), IV, 6.

Later in the same work Marvell again illustrates a point by referring to two other verses spoken by Amarilli. This time, however, the context is eminently serious, as is Marvell; for it is during a discussion of the question of "moral grace" as presented by the author whose book he is dissecting that Marvell protests against that author's opinion and treatment of the matter:

> I cannot make either less or more of it than that he overturns the whole fabrick of Christianity and power of religion. For my part, if *Grace* be resolved into morality, I think a man may almost as well make God too to be only a notional and moral existence. And white-aproned Amaryllis was of that opinion: Ma tu sanctissima honestà, che sola sei / D'alma ben nata inviolabil nume. 'But thou most holy honesty, that only art the inviolable Deity of the well-born soul.'[19]

That Guarini's verses should come to Marvell's mind in this serious context again attests to the philosophical nature that readers attributed to the *Pastor Fido*. That Marvell speaks of "white-aproned Amaryllis" and of her "whining Italian" may show that he found the sentiments expressed by her to be obnoxious, but at the same time it is clear that Guarini's verses imposed themselves with full philosophical implications.

In this connection, of particular interest are some verses in the controversial *chorus sacerdotum* that closes Fulke Greville's tragedy *Mustapha*. The verses surely owe something to Guarini:

> Oh wearisome Condition of Humanity!
> Borne under one Law, to another bound:
> Vainely begot, and yet forbidden vanity,
> Created sick, commanded to be sound:
> What meaneth Nature by these diverse Lawes?
> Passion and Reason, selfe-division cause...
> Nature herselfe, doth her owne selfe defloure,
> To hate those errors she her selfe doth give.
> For how should man thinke that, he may not doe
> If Nature did not faile, and punish too?
> Tyrant to others, to her selfe unjust,
> Onely commands things difficult and hard.
> Forbids us all things, which it knowes is lust,
> Makes easie paines, unpossible reward.
> If Nature did not take delight in blood,
> She would have made more easie ways to good.

This *chorus sacerdotum* is preceded by a *chorus Tartarorum* which professes an extreme skepticism and naturalism, and it is perhaps true, as Geoffrey Bullough has suggested, that the priests' chorus is meant

[19] *Ibid.*, p. 85. The verses quoted here by Marvell follow the previous verses of Amarilli in the same monologue. Both passages are quoted with only slight errors.

to be an "antidote" to the "too much naturalism" of the Tartars' chorus in reflecting that "it is nature which makes man a being of conflicting impulses, one side of him seeking lust, the other side seeking the rule of good."[20] But it is also clear that the priests' chorus "lays bare the opposition between natural and divine law."[21] Nor is the chorus itself free of skepticism; and it is easy to read providence for nature without doing violence to the spirit of the chorus. Whether it is nature or a transcendent being that is to be indicted, man's condition is described as a moral dilemma. It is, of course, Amarilli's dilemma, rendered, however, with tragic tones.[22]

One of the most curious adaptations of the verses spoken by Amarilli is that made by Alexander Pope in the early version of his poem "Universal Prayer." In a letter to Ralph Allen on September 8, 1736, Pope included a copy of the poem with its date set at 1715. Pope says of it:

I've sent you the Hymn, a little altered, and enlarged in one necessary point of doctrine, viz: the third Stanza, which I think reconciles Freedom and Necessity;

[20] *Poems and Dramas of Fulke Greville* (London, 1939), II, 251.

[21] *Ibid.*, p. 60.

[22] The affinity between Greville's passage and that of Guarini was perceived by an anonymous writer of the eighteenth-century *Biographia Britannica*, who pointed to Guarini's verses in refuting the charges of impiety that Archbishop Tillotson had made against the *chorus sacerdotum*: "At the end of this tragedy, in the *chorus sacerdotum*, there are six lines which one of our most reverend prelates has quoted from this play Greville's *Mustapha* into one of his sermons, to answer the same, as the favorite argument of those who murmur at the injunction of religion, as if it attributed to Providence, 'the setting of our nature and our duty at variance, or the giving us appetites one way and laws another; the force of which objection, says he, is very smartly expressed in those celebrated verses of a noble poet of our own, which are so frequently in the mouths of many, who are thought to bear no good will to religion.' And perhaps 'tis the only example that has been drawn into such a solemn discourse from an English play, by one who was such an eminent member of the Church. The lines are these: 'Oh, wearisome condition of humanity, / Born under one law to another bound! / Vainly begot, and yet forbidden vanity! / Created sick, commanded to be sound! / If nature did not take delight in blood / She would have made more easy way to good.' But these two last lines do not immediately follow the former in the said chorus of the play itself; and as for the thought, it has not only been embellished by other poets of wit and judgment, besides the Lord Brook, but no less admitted in them, without any imputation of disrespect to the divine ordinances of Providence; and especially in those celebrated lines of the famous Italian, Battista Guarini, which are as follow: 'Se 'l peccar è sì dolce / E 'l non peccar sì necessario; o troppo / Imperfetta natura, / Che repugni a la legge; / O troppo dura legge; / Che la natura offendi.'" *Biographia Britannica: or The Lives of the Most Eminent Persons Who Have Flourished in Great Britain and Ireland ... in the Manner of Mr. Bayle's Historical and Critical Dictionary* (London, 1757), IV, 2397. Actually, the history of the criticism of Guarini's play shows that, from the earliest, readers have seen dangerous moral doctrines in the *Pastor Fido*. See this author's unpublished thesis at Harvard University, "The Pastor Fido and Baroque Sensibility."

and is at least a Comment on some Verses in my Essay on Man, which have been mis-construed.[23]

In the third stanza of the poem as Pope sent it to Allen (and as it has come down to us), the poet says of God or the "Great First Cause":

> Yet gav'st us in this dark Estate
> To know the Good from Ill;
> And, binding Nature fast in Fate,
> Left'st Conscience free, and Will.

These verses precede the stanza beginning "What conscience dictates to be done." Originally, following this latter stanza there stood four verses containing a thought which is clearly modeled on the Guarini passage we are now familiar with. The deleted verses read:

> Can sins of Moments claim the Rod
> Of Everlasting Fires?
> And that offend 'gainst Nature's God
> Which Nature's self inspires?[24]

It may be seen that these verses pose the question that Guarini's verses had posed and that Pope in his letter to Allen claims to have resolved, i.e., the conflict between freedom and necessity, or the contrast between nature and moral law. Moreover, in Pope's third stanza, the reconciliation really depends upon God's "binding Nature fast in Fate." Now this is in a way the solution that Guarini comes to in his play. At one point in the *Pastor Fido* it is said of nature that "dov'ella

[23] *The Correspondence of Alexander Pope*, ed. George Sherburn (Oxford, 1956), IV, 31.

[24] Concerning these verses, Boswell, in *The Life of Johnson*, relates a curious anecdote which shows us what he thought of the philosophical content of Guarini's pastoral drama. "Mrs. Thrale told us, that a curious clergyman of our acquaintance had discovered a licentious stanza, which Pope had originally in his *Universal Prayer*... It was this: 'Can sins of moment...' and that Dr. Johnson observed, 'It had been borrowed from Guarini.' There are, indeed, in *Pastor Fido*, many such flimsy superficial reasonings, as that in the last two lines of this stanza." *Boswell's Life of Johnson* (London, 1953), p. 990. Actually, Mrs. Thrale herself seems to have hit upon the "borrowing" from Guarini. Two months before she quoted the stanza to Johnson and Boswell (May 12, 1778), she entered the following in her own diary: "Mr. Lort told me once that he had seen Pope's Universal Prayer in the Original Manuscript; and this Stanza was there—'Can Sins of Moments...' So here is *Oh troppo dura Legge* again!—no new way even to be *wicked* it seems." *Thraliana: The Diary of Mrs. Hester Lynch Thrale (Later Mrs. Piozzi) 1776-1809*, ed. Katherine C. Balderston (Oxford, 1951), I, 252. Mrs. Thrale transcribed the entire poem including the suppressed stanza in her diary on Sept. 1, 1779, and in so doing she pointed to another stanza of Pope which was modeled on Guarini's verses: "See his [Pope's] Strophe to the Duke of Buckinghams's Play. 'Why Virtue dost thou blame Desire / Which Nature has imprest? / Why Nature dost thou first inspire / The mild and gen'rous Breast?' and even this borrow'd from Guarini. O troppo dura legge etc. etc." *Ibid.*, p. 406.

comanda, / ubbidisce anco il ciel, non che la terra," where nature commands, not only the earth, but Heaven itself yields (III, 5). And, as the play has it, the decree of fate (misunderstood by man) turns out to be in complete accord with what nature dictates. This is made clear enough from the play's ending.[25] Guarini himself, however, in annotating his drama dropped a hint on the matter:

> Assi dunque a sapere, che molte furono le oppinioni degli antichi intorno al fato, le quali però, o ch'io m'inganno, si possono conciliare sì fattamente insieme, che faranno o nulla, o poco differenti tra loro. Ma stando sulla Dottrina peripatetica ... niun altra cosa ... è il fato, che la natura.[26]

There is, however, a significant difference between the position of Pope and that of Guarini. The equating of fate and nature is more apparent than real. In Pope, it is really fate and some sort of natural yet ordained moral law that is ultimate. In Guarini's pastoral, the praise of *onestà* is a conventional pretext that is lost in the erotic world of the play, and fate is really subsumed into nature which ultimately reigns supreme as instinct and desire. Keeping the terms that both poets used, we may say that with Pope nature is made to conform to fate, whereas with Guarini fate is made to conform to nature. It is not unlikely that, even when he discarded the verses imitated from Guarini, and despite his "moral" solution, Pope, in writing and in altering his poem the "Universal Prayer," had Amarilli's dilemma and verses in mind. At any rate, to Pope, as earlier to Marvell, the words of Guarini's "pastoral" nymph came readily to mind in the context of very sober moral and philosophical reflection. They did so not only because they contained a serious philosophical content, but also because the content was combined with "so moderne, and, facile a veine, / Fitting the time ..." as Ben Jonson had said in prophesying that English authors would "steale out of this author, mainly."[27]

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[25] See my article "Fate, Blindness and Illusion in the *Pastor Fido*," *RR*, XLIX (1958), esp. 264-268.

[26] The *Annotazioni sopra il Pastor Fido* were added by Guarini to the 1602 edition (Venice) of his pastoral and appear in the Verona (1737) edition from which I quote: *Delle opere del cavalier Battista Guarini*, I, 28.

[27] An anonymous adaptation of Amarilli's monologue was published in 1714 by Richard Steele under the title "A Soliloquoy out of Italian." The verses expressing the conflict between natural and divine law become even more exacerbated in their protest: "Immortal Gods! why has your Doom decreed / Two wounded Hearts with equal Pangs shou'd bleed? / Since that great Law, which your Tribunal guides, / Has joined in Love whom Destiny divides; / Repent you Pow'rs the Injuries you cause, / Or change our Natures, or reform your Laws." In *Poetical Miscellanies, Consisting of Original Poems and Translations. By the best Hands. Published by Mr. Steele* (London, 1714), pp. 50-51.

BOOK REVIEWS

DESIGN IN CHAUCER'S TROILUS. By Sanford B. Meech. Syracuse: Syracuse University Press, 1959. xii, 529 p.

Design in Chaucer's *Troilus* emerges, in Mr. Meech's account, from the most thoroughgoing treatment we have had—or are likely to have—of "what Chaucer really did to *Il Filostrato*." Constantly comparing the Italian and English poems, the author first runs the gamut of "The Action in Its Course," then retraces his steps to examine in more leisurely detail "Physical Particulars and Time and the Supernatural," then once more returning culls "Figurative Associations in Seven Areas," and finally composes all in "Composites." If the process is somewhat long, repetitious, and at times tedious—even Mr. Meech, by his own confession, occasionally finds it so—the illumination shed on Chaucer's artistic processes is eminently worth the having; and the too-busy reader can content himself with distillations provided in previews to each of the four chapters and in the conclusion.

Mr. Meech believes, and quite properly, that, by analyzing Chaucer's borrowings, adaptations, and innovations, we can glean something of the poet's intention, of his design. With fairness and courtesy he holds up opposing theories about crucial points of interpretation to the light of his detailed comparison between Boccaccio's and Chaucer's texts, and states his own position in these matters with unequivocal firmness. From the Preface, in which he concludes that *Troilus* must be considered not as romance, novel, or tragedy but as *sui generis*—and in which he cautions that the relative complexity of the English poem does not of itself make *Troilus* more aesthetically satisfying than its Italian counterpart—to the Conclusion, in which he steers a middle course between the Scylla of C. S. Lewis' pronouncement that Chaucer's is "a great poem in praise of love" and the Charybdis of Father Denomy's statement that Chaucer throughout "repudiates Courtly Love as vain, ephemeral, and fallacious, the blind effect of passion," Mr. Meech's approach is conservatively sound and sensible. What he reveals is a poem unified and complexly balanced: a poem which sympathizes with and re-forms courtly-love values, notably through revitalizing the character of Troilus in his thoughts, actions, and associated imagery (the poet-lover is more idealistic, more martial, more dignified than the Italian Troilo, and is strikingly contrasted in all three areas with the pragmatic and worldly Pandarus and the hypocritical and unworthy Diomede—a distinct change from the three-birds-of-a-feather lovers of Boccaccio's poem), and at the same time a poem which works gradually toward a Boethian, and ultimately Trinitarian, understanding of the false felicity of this world, including that of courtly love.

Of great value, it seems to me, are many references to and comments on structural parallels and antitheses created by Chaucer in his reworking of his source material. It is a pity that the index does not have an entry or entries for these, scattered as they are throughout the text. Also of interest is the reassertion of Karl Young's theory, controverted by Cummings (and by Griffin and Myrick,

though this is not noted by Meech), that Chaucer made extensive use of *Il Filocolo*, especially in the consummation sequence. Mr. Meech devotes the larger part of "Union," Sec. 6 of Chap. I, to bolstering this view with old and new evidence, the latter pre-eminently of the verbal-echo variety. An extended analysis of imagery and tone, revealing that Boccaccio's narrator and characters speak with the same voice while Chaucer's have each his own, is also highly stimulating.

Since it is impossible to cover such a highly detailed book with any thoroughness, I must content myself with a few additional comments and questions, while making the general statement that *Design in Chaucer's Troilus* is unquestionably an important and graciously written work. Although Mr. Meech, for one thing, recognizes humor and irony throughout the poem, there is more there, I venture to suggest, than he allows. For instance, he cites the narrator's apostrophe to Fortune when Criseyde would depart from Pandarus' house and the great rain comes down, as a "startling contrast to the envelope of comedy [to] insure that the awareness [of the vanity of human intentions] will be lasting" (p. 67). But is not the tone here as humorous and ironic as is that, on a more obvious level, of the apostrophes in "The Nun's Priest's Tale"? And he sees in now-bedded Troilus' "Now yeldeth yow, for other bote is non!" simply the masterfulness of a courtly lover (p. 72), where surely context suggests also an ironic and humorous view of the remark and its maker. It strikes me as strange, too, that the author takes such pains to insist on the consistency of Criseyde's character, yet cheerfully accepts the dichotomy between the Troilus of the ascending action as a "comic pawn" of Pandarus and the Troilus of the descending action as a man of "stature which he must have to die a tragic hero" (p. 72). Another point: sometimes Mr. Meech's choice of words is not the happiest, as when in summarizing the characters of hero and heroine he remarks: "Criseyde, made less sensual but more timid and therefore more calculating than Criseida, is opposed to the idealistic hero, as a lady not too wanton but too prudent to reciprocate his eternal devotion" (p. 418). Inasmuch as Troilus, in eternity, sees the falseness of his loving of Criseyde, and the latter herself comments that she has ever lacked one of Prudence's eyes, the words *prudent* and *eternal* seem infelicitous. It should be noted too that, despite Mr. Meech's claim of objectivity in the Preface, *Il Filostrato* makes a very poor aesthetic showing, compared to the *Troilus*, and that largely on the ground of complexity.

The notes to the sections and chapters are bibliographically and argumentatively full, but it would be less annoying to have line references in the text instead of relegating them to the already swollen notes. A separate bibliography would have greatly enhanced the book's value, as would a more complete index so that one could use the volume more fruitfully for the compendium of information it contains. As intimated above, a different organization and dispensation of materials, perhaps with appendices, would have cut down the bulk and made the entire text more readable. Finally, better proofreading might have caught, in addition to omitted letters and punctuation, the following misplaced lines: (1) the last line of p. 80 belongs in the fourth-line position of its paragraph; (2) the second and third lines of note 3, p. 435, are interchanged; (3) lines three and four, p. 477, belong elsewhere, possibly at the end of note 80.

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THE WRITINGS OF EDUARDO MALLEA. By John H. R. Polt. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1959. 132 p.

This first book of Mr. Polt is thorough, intelligent, and sensitive—an important contribution to the literature on Eduardo Mallea. The study appears to be the result, however, of doctoral research and bears, as do most such publications, the somewhat uncomfortable compositional straightjacket characteristic of the exercise. Central points are often obscured unnecessarily by catalogues of examples and minor details, and chapters occasionally bulge with elements whose pertinence to the matter under discussion is questionable.

The author begins by abstracting from Mallea's works the ideas which give rise to his fiction. These ideas are then summarized and ordered into three categories which make up the opening chapters: "The Role of the Nation and the 'Visible Argentina,'" "The 'Invisible Argentina,'" and "The Role of the Individual." The subsequent chapters examine the conversion of these ideas into fiction: "Characters," "Structure," and "Literary Style."

Polt conceives Mallea's writings to be an unresolved search for what the novelist calls "authenticity." This authenticity is both personal and social, although the quest for it must begin within the individual. The false social identity is characterized as the "visible Argentina"—the superficial aspect of the nation. "It consists of fraud and farce, a denial of true nationality, and an attempt to be what one is not, or at least to appear to be what one is not. As long as this condition exists, the country cannot expect, in Mallea's view, to take her rightful place in the world as a 'país de misión máxima.' The authentic individual, concerned with true values and with the existence of himself, his nation, and the world, must react against the fraudulent appearances, expose their falseness, and attempt to discover and hold to their opposite, the authentic" (p. 15). However, "in all Mallea's works the attack on the 'visible Argentina' is balanced by the quest for the true, the authentic, the 'invisible Argentina'" (p. 16).

This invisible Argentina encompasses not only man and his potential but his America, his Argentina as well. Mallea "is a writer interested primarily in man, not in nature. The land is important because the national spirit results from a conjugation of man and the land. The land offers a challenge in its savage extension... that can be met only by a moral force as strong and definite as itself, an idea, a passion, a feeling. There must, therefore, be a type of man corresponding to the physical and spiritual geography of Argentina. Living in harmony with the soil, even though he may not be living on it, he is the authentic Argentine" (p. 21).

The search for this man is the chief concern of Mallea's characters and grows out of the "apparent" reality of metropolitan life. The role of the individual in this quest is determined by "the belief that life itself, the finite and transitory human life, must be made into something of lasting value, and that the transcendental meaning of a life depends on what is made of it on this earth" (p. 34). In order to achieve this "something of lasting value" man (and the artist) must comprehend the role of the individual: "On the one hand, he must comprehend all that is involved in being a man, and express this quality in his life. On the other hand, he aspires to create in the world, as in himself, an order in which he must fulfill his particular function as completely as possible. Both aspects of the person's life must be developed; otherwise he will lack creative relationship with other beings or will become a mere cog in the universal machine" (p. 38).

The exploration of this lack of creative relationship is perhaps the most success-

ful accomplishment of Mallea's fiction. The struggle for genuine communication and the search for recognition and fulfillment of need—for freedom from the withering isolation that destroys Agata Cruz in *Todo verdor perecerá*—is a contest that Mallea understands as a man and as an artist. Polt points out the difficulties of the attainment and portrayal of satisfactory human communication, and suggests that Mallea's treatment of isolation has produced more successful fiction than a similar treatment of his theory of nationality since, as a subject, isolation "is less complex and more obviously applicable to individual life [i. e., the creation of fictional characters]" (p. 52).

Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that "nationality" is more abstract than personal isolation rather than more complex. The sense of an identity that is "national" is an intellectual, not a sensually perceptible experience, and as such presents problems of conversion into experience, that is, into fictional episode and characterization. On the other hand, "isolation" is first experienced; thereafter it may be converted into a concept or abstraction. As themes, "nationality" and "isolation" differ in kind; it is incidental that one may be more complex than the other. Since isolation is an experience before it is a construct, it is more readily transformed into art, and it is likely that Mallea when working with this experience approximates most closely the usual processes of an artist. He is here working in terms of men and women, desires, actions, and reactions, and not in terms of correlatives tailored to concepts and ideologies. Agata Cruz of *Todo verdor perecerá* is the result of this mode of composition and, as Polt clearly suggests, this novel is probably Mallea's finest.

Even here, however, Mallea's curious clumsiness is sometimes felt, a clumsiness almost always found in the dramatic episodes in his novels—an ineptness in dialogue. I think Guillermo Díaz-Plaja has hit upon the explanation for this ineptness in his remarkable phrase, "incapacidad mimética." He explains: "Para [el estilo directo] ... el novelista debe abdicar de su personal expresión y aceptar—miméticamente—la de sus personajes. Pues bien: en este sentido nos hallamos con una constante adversa. Casi nunca los personajes de Mallea dialogan con su propia voz. Esta real incapacidad para el mimetismo no corresponde, como ya se supone, en escritor de tanto gusto, a una inhabilidad expresiva. Se trata, por el contrario, de una actitud coherente y continuada que le impide ser otra cosa que él mismo; que le ordena situarse en el primer plano de sus paisajes—para interpretarlos—como en el alma de sus criaturas para darles su voz. Mallea se desdobla apenas; su lenguaje se transmite al de sus entes de ficción."[1]

One frequently feels that the inability or unwillingness of the author to get out of himself is really the source of the fruitless search for identity and social coherence, and is closely related to his "incapacidad mimética" and to his reluctance to set his characters on their own. He seems uncertain of his observations of other humans, whom he persists in seeing as incarnations of psychological patterns and ideological abstractions. This incomplete vision seems to be at least partly responsible for the stiffness of his characters.

Polt explains the dissatisfaction which the reader often feels and also Mallea's achievement in spite of his shortcomings: "The characters ... are of unequal worth, if independent individuality is to be considered the standard of success in this respect. Mallea has achieved creation to the full only in the characters in which his 'life view ... harmonizes with the lives of the fictional characters.'"

[1] *Poesía y realidad* (Madrid, 1952), pp. 222-223.

The lives of his characters are "distorted and neglected in favor of ideology; the author's views, interesting as they may be in themselves, do not gain in effective presentation. Ideas tend to be weakened and diluted as they form the subject for conversations among the characters and are incessantly repeated. The fact that the reader's interest can be maintained in spite of these adverse factors attests to the stimulating nature of Mallea's thoughts" (pp. 77-78).

The chapter on "Structure" contains many penetrating judgments, although a good part of the discussion pushes the term beyond prudent limits. The synthesis of Mallea's notions on the nature of art and the artist's responsibilities is commendable, but an evaluation of them would have been welcome. Certainly Mallea's ideas invite discussion, if not attack, on logical as well as artistic grounds. The comments in the final chapter on "Literary Style" are illuminating and would be more so were the ordering of them more systematic. Mr. Polt's concluding remarks are, in my judgment, sound and sum up well his evaluation of Mallea as an artist:

"Mallea makes a continual effort to express ideas which, lying outside the realm of rational exposition, become objects of intuitive cognition. We cannot therefore be surprised to find him striving to translate these ideas into parable and myth. In style, structure, and characterization, he moves away from the objective world into a subjective, 'unreal' world of myths and images. As he struggles to express the inexpressible with every resource at his command, he creates a tension which makes poetry of much of his prose. Since this tension, however, is by definition incapable of resolution, it has some undesirable effects. Mallea can never capture completely what he wishes to say; yet he returns to the charge, repeating himself not only word for word, but also idea for idea and novel for novel. The reader is always conscious of the author's unremitting search; and, to paraphrase Mallea, 'de tanto *buscar*, uno se cansa'... All-absorbing subjectivity is the greatest danger to the author's fiction; for, although the novel is a flexible genre, it is fiction, not essay or autobiography. Mallea's novels tend to cross this boundary; but if they are meant to be nonfiction, there is no logical or aesthetic justification for their fictional elements; and if they are meant to be fiction, their reliance on extrafictional considerations to arouse the reader's interest is illegitimate. The reader has a right either to a clear exposition of the author's thought or to a fiction capable of existing independently inside the microcosm of the novel. Mallea's frequent refusal to choose either course compromises his standing both as an artist and as a thinker" (pp. 102-103).

I agree with Mr. Polt that *Todo verdor perecerá*, however, is "a novel comparable to any" (p. 103).

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ANTONIO MACHADO. WITH TRANSLATIONS OF SELECTED POEMS. By Alice Jane McVan. New York: Hispanic Society of America, 1959. v, 250 p.

EIGHTY POEMS OF ANTONIO MACHADO. Translated by Willis Barnstone. New York: Las Americas Publishers, 1959. 210 p.

The simultaneous publication of two collections of translations of Antonio Machado complements fittingly many years of quiet scholarly interest in his

poetry in the United States. The two books provide English translations of a total of approximately one hundred and forty different poems. Both books print side by side the Spanish original and the English version—a practice to which nobody could take exception. Since their essential purpose deserves only gratitude and praise, criticism of the books should be construed only as an attempt at collaboration towards the ideal goal of obtaining some day the perfect rendering of the complete poetry of Antonio Machado.

Miss McVan prefaces her translations (by herself and collaborators) with a well-organized biographical and critical introduction and a selected bibliography. Her introduction demonstrates her thorough acquaintance with the poetry of Machado and the critical writings on it and accomplishes very well her aim of leading the American reader from a complete ignorance of Machado and his period to an illuminating first view. Unfortunately, the poetry of the *Cancionero apócrifo*, perhaps the best and most difficult, is not given sufficient prominence and the long poem, "Recuerdos de fiebre, sueño y duermivela," although translated on pp. 213-225, is not fully discussed.

Oversimplification and overwriting mar at times the thoughtfulness of the contents and the charm of Miss McVan's style. The usual ease and grace of her language is strained when she compares short-lived journals to "apple blossoms, fresh and new, fragile and ephemeral" (p. 15). At times biographical facts are incorporated into an exposition of Machado's poetry without proof, although perhaps effectively, as in the identification of the protagonist of "El viajero" with the poet's brother, Joaquín (p. 29). In her desire to simplify difficulties for the uninitiated, Miss McVan can fall into misinterpretation. For instance, the poem

"El ojo que ves no es	"The eye you see do not construe
ojo porque lo veas	an eye because you see it
es ojo porque te ve"	but because it sees you"

is said to be an expression of Machado's "longing that men should try to understand the viewpoint of others" (p. 68). It would be more accurate to say that it is a comment on and a rejection of Kantian idealism.

Willis Barnstone's *Eighty Poems of Antonio Machado* is unobtrusively introduced by two small vignettes—one by John Dos Passos and the other a translation of an article of Juan Ramón Jiménez. Mr. Barnstone's translations are usually of an extreme accuracy and at the same time sensitive and graceful. While misinterpretation and often trite or harsh lines are found in Miss McVan's collection (in her own translations as well as in some of her collaborators'), in Mr. Barnstone's version errors happen seldom and the English is almost always felicitous. Perhaps the best way to evaluate the extraordinary ability of Mr. Barnstone, his simplicity and directness, as well as the immense difficulties of the task, is to compare translations, without, of course, intending in this way a reflection on Miss McVan's effort.

In Miss McVan's translation of poem IX ("Orillas del Duero"), accuracy is sacrificed to rime, while Mr. Barnstone follows the original closely. The first stanza will exemplify these opposite conceptions of the role of the translator:

> "Se ha asomado una cigüeña a lo alto del campanario.
> Girando en torno a la torre y al caserón solitario,
> ya las golondrinas chillan. Pasaron del blanco invierno,
> de nevascas y ventiscas los crudos soplos de infierno.

Es una tibia mañana.
El sol calienta un poquito la pobre tierra soriana."

"A stork on top of the belfry, high above the ground,
has shown itself, and swallows, screaming, circle round
tower and lonely building. The harsh, infernal blasts
of winter, stormy winds, and blizzards, now have passed.

It is a morning mild and bland.
The sun gently warms the poor Sorian land."
(McVan, p. 97)

"A stork has appeared high on the belfry.
Chirping swallows are circling the tower
and solitary mansion. White winter is gone,
with its snowstorms and crude blasts from the inferno.

It is a warm morning.
The sun gently heats the poor Sorian land."
(Barnstone, p. 17)

But even when Miss McVan does not attempt to reproduce the original rhymes and assonances, she deviates from the Spanish unnecessarily:

"¡Tenue rumor de túnicas que pasan
sobre la infértil tierra!...
¡Y lágrimas sonoras
de las campanas viejas!"

"Tenous murmur of garments drifting by
over infertile land!...
And the sound of musical tears
shed by ancient bells!"
(McVan, p. 109)

"Slight rustle of trailing capes
over the sterile earth.
And sonorous weeping
of the old bells!"
(Barnstone, p. 27)

Also when Barnstone tries to reproduce the Spanish rhymes, he can be more accurate:

"Castilla miserable, ayer dominadora,
envuelta en sus harapos desprecia cuanto ignora.
¿Espera, duerme o sueña? ¿La sangre derramada
recuerda, cuando tuvo la fiebre de la espada?
Todo se mueve, fluye, discurre, corre o gira;
cambian la mar y el monte y el ojo que los mira.
¿Pasó? Sobre sus campos aun el fantasma yerra
de un pueblo que ponía a Dios sobre la guerra."

"Miserable Castilla, once high over friend and foe,
in tatters wrapped, despises what she does not know.
Does she wait or sleep or dream? Remember the blood spilled
when her veins with the fever of the sword were filled,
Everything moves, flows, rambles, runs, or turns,
sea and mountain change and the eye that now discerns.
No longer? Over these fields there wanders as before
the ghost of a race that throned its God on strife and war."
(McVan, p. 133, translated by Ruth Matilda Anderson)

"Wretched Castille, triumphant yesterday,
Clad in rags, despising unknown ways.
Does she hope, sleep, or dream? recall the blood
spilt when she had the fever of the sword?
All moves, flows, turns, or races by;
sea and mountain change as well as judging eye.
Has it passed? Over fields the phantom still soars
of a people who placed God above their wars."
(Barnstone, p. 75)

It should be pointed out, however, that Miss McVan has attempted more translations and often of longer poems. Occasionally, also, her translations are more accurate than Mr. Barnstone's, who unaccountably renders "Señor, ya estamos solos mi corazón y el mar" into "Lord, now we are one, my heart and the sea" (p. 107), while Miss McVan translates, "Lord, we are alone, my heart and the sea" (p. 151). One fault that should be remedied in future editions of both books is partial translation. Because of Machado's own strange, but logical, grouping of his poems, it is possible to select parts of "Proverbios y cantares," although they appear under a single numeral in his complete works. But it becomes less acceptable to render only parts of such series as "Campos de Soria" (of nine parts, only parts vi and viii are included in Miss McVan's collection—p. 147—and only parts i, ii, iii, iv, vi, and viii in Mr. Barnstone's—pp. 91-101), and quite inadmissible to translate only a fragment of poem XCVIII ("A orillas del Duero") in Miss McVan's book. The faults of both translators are due to the difficulty of the task, which, it is hoped, will be continued and perfected.

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SELECTED WRITINGS OF JULES LAFORGUE. Edited and translated by William Jay Smith. New York: Grove Press, 1956. xiv, 287 p.

POEMS OF JULES LAFORGUE. Translated by Patricia Terry, with a foreword by Henri Peyre. Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1958. ix, 208 p.

Chiefly through T. S. Eliot, but also through Ezra Pound,[1] Wallace Stevens,[2]

[1] See the Feb. 1918 issue of *The Little Review*, where Ezra Pound briefly surveyed modern French poetry and hailed Laforgue as a "permanent" voice along

and Hart Crane,[3] Jules Laforgue has become a part of the Anglo-American poetical heritage. Precisely because of this, he has also been taken too much for granted here, as a mere usher of T. S. Eliot. "Prufrock" and "Gerontion" overshadowed the "lunar Pierrot"; and a clarification was needed. It came in 1953 in the form of an exhaustive essay by Warren Ramsey,[4] followed by the remarkable translations of William Jay Smith, himself a poet, and of Patricia Terry. Their work, which in the circumstances amounts to a rediscovery, entitles all of them to our gratitude, particularly the two translators, the difficulty of whose task will be better realized when we remember, with Mr. Ramsey, that Laforgue's poetry always shows "the abundance, the facility, the sheer uninhibited gift of language."

Coming last, Mrs. Terry has duly acknowledged her debt to Mr. Smith, but more than that, she has carefully studied him with a view to improving his approach, whenever possible. And, since Laforgue was a veritable word juggler who on occasion anticipated the Joycian frenzy of verbal amalgams, besides playing on the hidden resources of flat terms, scientific lingo, and conversational cadence, one readily sees how interesting the confrontation of the two translators must be. Applying a famous Pound category, Warren Ramsey notes in his chapter on Crane and Laforgue that the latter's gift was more decidedly "logopoetic," or purely verbal, than "phanopoetic," or imagistic; this, of course, makes it much harder to give a true English ring to his voice than if he were a visionary like Rimbaud or a plastic poet like Gautier. Any poetry is untranslatable by definition, but how much more so in this case!

The degree to which Mrs. Terry has managed to be faithful to Pierrot—in the forced circumstance of infidelity—is astonishing. Her selections, unlike Mr. Smith's, are strictly limited to verse, but she grapples with most of the same poems done earlier by him. His choice is wider, but then he includes many more compositions from the heavily Schopenhauerian, and partly immature, *Sanglot de la terre* than she would care to; her only translation from this early Laforgue book is, in fact, the title poem, "Funeral March for the Death of the Earth," and, although the diffuse rhetoric here leaves less room for the sensitive interpreter's ability, one cannot fail to notice her departures from a good Smith rendering,

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with Corbière and Rimbaud. He even called him a finer, because more conscious, craftsman than the author of *Illuminations*; Laforgue "summed up and summarized and dismissed nineteenth-century French literature, its foibles and fashions, as Flaubert in *Bouvard et Pécuchet* summed up nineteenth-century general civilization." His "subtle moods and delicate passion of an exquisite and rare personality," Pound went on, made Laforgue "an angel whom our modern poetic Jacob must struggle with..."

[2] For Laforgue's influence on Stevens, as well as on Eliot and Crane, a very useful source is still René Taupin's *L'Influence du symbolisme français sur la poésie américaine* (Paris, 1929), even though a certain nationalistic bias prevents the French scholar from noting the amount of originality the American poets preserved in assimilating Laforgue and other French models. Remy de Gourmont's ideas on style and originality would be a good corrective. A recent contribution worth reading is Michel Benamou's "Jules Laforgue and Wallace Stevens," *RR*, L (1949), 107-117.

[3] The three translations Hart Crane made from Laforgue are to be found now in Warren Ramsey's book; but obvious traces of the Laforgue Pierrot can be seen also, in "Chaplinesque" and "Wine Menagerie."

[4] Warren Ramsey, *Jules Laforgue* (New York, 1953).

which result from an attempt at greater poignancy. Thus, for instance, Smith's translation of the refrain lines runs:

> "O solemn procession of magnificent suns,
> Knot and unknot your great golden masses,
> Gently, sadly, to somber music.
> Conduct your sleeping sister's slow cortège."

It is obviously a decorous rendering; but listen to Mrs. Terry:

> "O vast convocation, magnificent suns,
> Gather and loosen your masses of gold;
> Lead tenderly, sadly, to solemn accords
> The majestic funereal march of your sister, asleep."

Without literally reproducing the French Alexandrines, she has conveyed their essential dirgelike rhythm, which Smith renounces in his rather limping third line. "Vast convocation" for "convoi solennel" breathes more cosmic wonder than the correct "solemn procession"; but the real improvement in this opening line lies in the substitution of a pause, signalized by a comma, for the genitive preposition; by thus spacing the two members of the line one gets a more sharply stressed effect, which makes for a closer approach to the stern, somber beat of the French rhythm. Likewise, though there is nothing indefensible in Smith's choice of words, his rival translator has scored a point by placing the adjective "asleep" at the end of the fourth line and emphasizing it with an isolating comma. This more than makes up for the perhaps clumsy length of the line in Mrs. Terry's translation; Mr. Smith's iambic pentameter is smoother, and his "cortège" is certainly clever; but then, he is often smoother than she, at the expense of poignancy. Putting "asleep" at the end of the line allows it to rhyme with the recurrent "But sleep; it's over now. Eternally, sleep," which concludes each stanza in the Terry version; but more than that, it preserves the finality (if not the chromatic value) of Laforgue's "dort."

Nor should the fact be overlooked that, by reversing the sequence of Smith's last two words in the end line of each stanza, Mrs. Terry obtains a firmer effect in a key position: her "No, sleep; it's over now. Eternally, sleep" is robustly and appropriately scanned; Smith sounds flatter with his otherwise unobjectionable "And sleep, all is over, sleep eternally." She has a keener ear for pauses and stresses; and her bold shuffling of the syntactical cards results in a line that matches its French counterpart. "Non, dors, c'est bien fini, dors pour l'éternité." Here, again, is the dirge effect; and to have achieved it in English is what makes of Mrs. Terry's translation something relevant to poetry rather than prose. Vivacity of gesture distinguishes generally her approach; note the excellent "The sands have run out! The Earth, forever dead," as compared with Smith's weaker "Time has ceased. After one last rattle," for the French "Les temps sont révolus! Morte à jamais, la Terre," at the beginning of Stanza 1. Not that he always comes off second best. He shows a very competent hand indeed; and not even fanatical chivalry could induce us to reject his essay after becoming acquainted with Mrs. Terry's. But, apart from cases of simple divergence of an optional nature, her only justification for publishing translations of the poems already interpreted by Mr. Smith lay precisely in adding something to his performance.

In the *Complaintes*, Laforgue shows a riper mind and a defter hand; his

Weltschmerz finds vent in irony, and, instead of airing a philosophical treatise à la Schopenhauer, he speaks through the antics of Pierrot, the lunar clown, to the delight of future critics like Wallace Fowlie. A decidedly discursive poetry, which at the outset risked ending up in the blind alley of a minor De Vigny imitation, takes an interesting twist by incorporating Heine's romantic bitterness and Verlaine's airy touch—the magic of *Fêtes galantes* is there, but resolved in a type of monologue which has more body to it, because it is played out on a wider gamut of speech tones. It was more difficult for Laforgue, drenched as he was in German thought, to "wring the neck of rhetoric"; for Verlaine it was a matter of nuance versus statement, of melody versus tonal harshness, grossness, or weight, of impressionist water color against the loaded palette of that literary Delacroix, Victor Hugo. But Laforgue was a born etcher (see his "Winter Sunset") and chromatically a Fauve ante litteram (witness the violent sunset in "The Mystery of the Three Horns"); no predominant *sfumato*; language for him had to display an almost vitriolic elegance, by unfolding through clashes, sudden turns, alternate floodings and contractions, or well-calculated monotonies. If Verlaine's verse evokes, to our ear, the music of Debussy or Fauré, Laforgue's was a conceivable inspiration to Arnold Schoenberg for his *Pierrots lunaires*. Nor could Laforgue follow Mallarmé on the way to progressive shrinking of syntax and word; the latter poet's swan was to shake its white neck under the agony of that scarifying ice, until only a hovering feather would be left, of the sacrificial bird in *Un Coup de dés*. Like Tristan Corbière before him, Laforgue countered the Mallarméan aesthetic of nondiscursive abstraction by developing a speech full-blooded and pungent. The intrinsic possibilities of a conversational style were thus exploited, on a line that was to lead Laforgue to stream-of-consciousness experiments in *Derniers Vers*. The *Complaintes* are modeled on, and take their name from, an age-old genre of French balladry. This could never have occurred to the Mallarmé-Valéry school, intent as it was on wringing in its own way the reluctant neck of communicative speech.

In such a climate, the sensitive translator must bring to bear all his best resources if he is to give us more than a simple semantic guide to the texts. He must be an acrobat of music and idiom—which Mrs. Terry certainly is most of the time, and William Jay Smith quite often. Her opening stanza of "Complaint of Lord Pierrot" is better than her predecessor's, as far as liveliness goes:

> *"Au clair de la lune,*
> *Mon ami Pierrot,*
> Up there, in costume,
> We'll direct the Show!
> Now my brain's quite dead,
> To Christ be it sped!
> Let's bay at the Moon,
> Our mouths shaped like O."

This is a good step ahead of Smith's unrhymed translation, mainly because of the pictorial and kinetic gesture which equals in English the French conclusion of the strophe:

> "Béons à la Lune,
> La bouche en zéro."

Smith has here a neutral "Let us gape at the moon / With mouths rounded," with a faint echoing of the previous "My brain is dead." Yet the rest of the poem finds him a nimble, resourceful interpreter, sometimes better than Mrs. Terry—who resumes her lead in the two final couplets by employing rhyme with a firmer hand. She is impeccable in "Complaint of the Moon in the Country," where adherence to a steady rhymed-couplet pattern does not evince the least awkwardness or superfluity; she is creative in "Complaint Concerning the Poor Human Body," which reveals in Laforgue (if the pun may be forgiven) a French Marvell. Smith has not tried his hand at these pieces, yet he has come to grips with the "Complaint of the King of Thule," where it would be dishonest to criticize his verbal sensitiveness, but equally dishonest to overlook Mrs. Terry's greater flexibility in sticking to the nervous rhythms of Laforgue: his alternation of longer and clipped lines is lost in Smith's leveled prosody. Smith comes out even in "Complaint on the Oblivion of the Dead," for he has a way with words; still, the idiomatic tang of

"C'est gai,
Cette vie;
Hein, ma mie,
O gué?"

is turned by him into pseudo-Elizabethan:

"Life's a ditty
With a hey-nonny-no.
Eh what, my pretty,
Do you find it so?"

whereas Mrs. Terry seems to have struck the right note here by resorting to contemporary American slang and by keeping her lines slimmer:

"Life's gay,
Take a whirl;
Eh! girl,
O.K.?"

This is a brilliant tour de force; but still more brilliant is her achievement in "Litanies for the First Quarters of the Moon," where she has honestly renounced any attempt to change what could not be improved in Mr. Smith's delicate rendering; what does change here, constitutes a gain in tonality. See the piercing immediacy of "Croupier / at every play" for the strongly idiomatic French "Jettatura / Des baccarats" (Smith had an unconvincing "Dark Evil Eye / Of dancing die"), or of "Holy Watch / Of our debauch" for "Sainte Vigie / De notre orgie" (Smith embroidered too much with his "Bright Holy Buoy / To profligate joy"), and above all the clipped final couplets, where Smith is good, but more literary:

"Sois l'Ambulance	"Now come to our need,	"Be the Relief
De nos croyances!	Ambulance of our creed!	For our belief,
Sois l'édredon	Let the sinner sink down	Be a Quilt
Du Grand-Pardon!"	In Thy pure Eiderdown!"	For all our guilt!"

What is lost in intrinsic sonority, with the more recent translator, finds ample compensation in raciness. One must turn capers to mimic Pierrot.

And so it happens that Mrs. Terry's "Pierrot" No. 2 has a delightful "pick-pocket eyes" for "yeux si filous," which is a better somersault than Smith's "deceitful eyes"; while No. 5 of the same series finds the two translators more or less at the same level, except for the final stanza which is more crackling in the Terry rendering:

> "And, dear brothers, the best of tricks
> Is live regardless, growing older;
> If you have to kick against the pricks,
> At everything shrug your shoulder."

Her interpretation of the second stanza is also remarkable, with those "well-seasoned eyes" (œil faisandeé) and "sleeves ecclesiastically curled" (manches très sacerdotales); incidentally, could it be that Marllarmé drew from this passage the first embryonic idea for his *Coup de dés*? For, as Laforgue has it,

> "... ce bas monde de scandale
> N'est qu'un des mille coups de dé"

with some metaphysical sequel.

Again, in "Pierrots (A Short but Typical Scene)," Mrs. Terry gives a better solution by playing on rhyme and assonance, so that in her translation the flavor of the original tercets manages to revive:

> "I'm made of aesthetics, laminated and true!
> I hate the tremolo, the nationalistic hullabaloo;
> In short, deep purple mourning's my native hue."

Compare this with Smith's:

> "I, I am plated with honest aesthetics,
> And hate tremolos and jingo phrases;
> Deep mauve mourning is my local color."

No exception to his word choice; but his lack of rhythm and rhyme is here a great handicap when we reflect that the original goes:

> "Moi, je suis laminé d'esthétiques loyales!
> Je hais les trémolos, les phrases nationales;
> Bref, le violet gros deuil est ma couleur locale."

Triple rhymes and hopping rhythm are here the flesh of irony itself.

The first of "Pierrot Phrases," in which Mrs. Terry competes with both William Jay Smith and Hart Crane, adds to her credit. Here Hart Crane had an exquisite "orient moon" for "Lune-levante," and nobody could improve on that, not to speak of his adept "perverse austerities" for "vilaines rigueurs"; but she has outdone both of her tough male rivals in the choice of a suitable adjective for the metaphoric eyes of a big loving dog:

> "On you so rigorously hard,
> With the honest eyes of a Saint Bernard."

That "honest" vibrates with understanding for the canine soul, and is better than Crane's "bland" or Smith's "simple gaze." The two men stuck to race in keeping the French "terre-neuve" a "Newfoundland"; but Mrs. Terry's change is expert nevertheless. Her "Litanies for the Last Quarters of the Moon" is another *pièce*

de bravoure, though here Smith is really her match; yet it is rewarding to study their differences. Terry's "Ultimate pyx / Of human epics" for "Dernier ciboire / De notre histoire" is felicitous indeed.

Among Laforgue's later productions, "The Coming Winter" ("L'Hiver qui vient," from *Derniers Vers*) deepens the Pierrot mood to a bleak despair and expands the diction to a pre-Eliotic monologue which attracted both translators. Both meet the test honorably; one might note here and there a greater clipped accuracy in Mrs. Terry, as in the passage that goes "Drizzle; / In the wet fields, the spiderwebs, etc." And she does decidedly finer work in translating this tercet:

> "Et le vent, cette nuit, il en a fait de belles!
> O dégâts, ô nids, ô modestes jardinets!
> Mon cœur et mon sommeil: ô échos des cognées!"

For, unlike Smith, who resolves (and blunts) these exclamations in completely articulated clauses, she keeps the gesture:

> "And the wind, last night, really put on a show!
> O havoc, O nests, O diffident gardens!
> My heart and my sleep: O echoes of ax-blows!"

That "diffident gardens" is slightly forced in pitch as compared with the original, but how lively! Smith's solution sounds duller, certainly:

> "And the wind last night did a fine job, too,
> Ripping up nests and lovely green gardens!
> In my heart, in my sleep, I hear the blows of the axe!"

Which is only paraphrase, with little edge to it. Towards the end, Mrs. Terry also scores a few points in expressive music.

"The Mystery of the Three Horns" ("Le Mystère des Trois Cors"), inspired by Laforgue's experience of German landscape while in the service of Empress Augusta, is like a musical trio, and has elicited some symbolic interpretation from several scholars, including Smith, who deserves our admiration for the appropriate comments interjected in his anthology. It is difficult to choose here between his translation and Mrs. Terry's; they are both good; she is closer to the rhythms of the original, while he pads the opening lines to make the rhymes possible. Certainly Mrs. Terry's

> "A horn in the plain
> Blew a high strain,
> Another, deep in the wood,
> Understood"

is tonally and rhythmically closer to

> "Un cor dans la plaine
> Souffle à perdre haleine,
> Un autre, du fond des bois,
> Lui répond"

than Smith's

> "A hunting horn upon the plain
> Blares as long as breath holds out
> To the quiet country roundabout."

The conclusion of "Solo by Moonlight" ("Solo de Lune") finds Smith a more convincing interpreter with this quatrain:

> "Ah, would I had sunk to my knees when I could!
> Ah, would you had swooned in my arms as you should!
> What a model husband in me you'd have found,
> As the swish of your skirt is the model of sound."

That is a felicitous swish, even though Mrs. Terry's "frou-frou," retained from the French original, does not represent a lapse in taste. One thing she has done that lends itself to discussion is her deliberate rendering of "spleen" in the French texts with a symmetrically foreign "ennui." But she is always a sensitive, conscious translator; and a budding poet in her own right, as the attentive reader cannot fail to sense from this book. While Smith approaches Laforgue with the subjective independence of the poet bent on mirroring himself in the text to be translated, Patricia Terry strives to capture, within the limits of her native language, as much as possible of the Frenchman's rhythm, tone, and gesture. She has contributed to the *second acclimatization* of Jules Laforgue in America, by joining in her own soul the scholar with the artist. A rare combination, surely; when it occurs, it is reasonable to look forward to a positive extension of the language's specific range. And it has been the object of our technical discussion to show how technique, in the cross-fertilization of cultures and individual minds, can become one and the same thing as pure poetry—not passive imitation, but *noûs poietikòs.*

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THE IRISH WRITERS, 1880-1940: LITERATURE UNDER PARNELL'S STAR. By Herbert Howarth. London: Rockliff; New York: Hill & Wang, 1959. x, 318 p.

Tonio Kröger sees himself as one of the outcast redeemers of humanity; Kafka's hunger artist is a rejected messiah; Proust's Vinteuil, in death, redeems by the power of his music the daughter who has destroyed him; and Stephen Dedalus goes into exile to create the conscience of his race. The notion of the artist as savior has been one of the most provocative literary ideas of our time; and nowhere was it taken more seriously than in the Ireland of George Moore, Lady Gregory, Yeats, AE, Synge, and Joyce. In a very literal and concrete way these writers and those who clustered around them in the Irish Revival thought of themselves as possible saviors of their country. The messianic atmosphere in which they came to maturity, the seriousness with which they lent themselevs to it, and the semi-scriptural intention of the books they wrote are the theme of Professor Howarth's study.

But the impulse toward art often pushes against the impulse toward practical affairs, whether of business or politics. Dante, Milton, even Machiavelli did their best literary work in exile from practical affairs; Thomas Buddenbrook and the Buddenbrook dynasty were destroyed by Buddenbrook's aesthetic sensitivity, such as it was; and the major writers of the Irish Revival struggled poignantly

between the claims of politics and the necessities of art. Though the differences of value and intention are not absolute or irreconcilable, the differences of method are very nearly so. In *The Trembling of the Veil* Yeats reports that the Fenian John O'Leary, whose "natural likes and tastes" were different from his own, nevertheless encouraged his work and valued his friendship. "I think," says Yeats, "that perhaps he no more wished to strengthen Irish Nationalism by second-rate literature than by second-rate morality, and was content that we agreed in that. 'There are things a man must not do to save a nation,' he once told me, and when I asked what things, he said, 'To cry in public,' and I think it probable that he would have added, if pressed, 'To write oratorical or insincere verse.'" O'Leary did in fact protest, as Richard Ellmann has pointed out, against the perpetration of bad verse in the name of patriotism. And what dismal shelves of it were perpetrated! The young Joyce, reviewing a book of Fenian verse a generation later, found it still necessary to protest that a man who writes a book "cannot be excused by his good intentions, or by his moral character; he enters into a region where there is question of the written word." He raised the question whether moral sincerity can even exist without "literary sincerity," whether false and mean language can give birth to anything but "a false and mean idea," and whether liberty is really served by minds that think in clichés.

The wonder is that so much good writing was concerned directly or indirectly with the nationalist struggle. Perhaps the explanation is that, with the exception of AE and possibly Lady Gregory, the writers Mr. Howarth discusses thought of themselves primarily as writers. As Standish O'Grady put it in 1900, they were engaged in a literary movement that would lead to a political movement and ultimately a military movement; but when the military movement came the writers were filled with dismay at having, however indirectly, caused men "to go out and shoot and be shot." That is the reaction of artists concerned with the expression of ideas and feelings, not of politicians concerned with action.

But what ideas and feelings! No more than the ancient Britons could believe that Arthur was really dead could the Irish of 1891 believe that Parnell was dead. They remembered having seen a star fall over his grave; a few years later Yeats, Arthur Symons, and William Sharp had visions of arrows shot among the stars; AE had a vision of Queen Victoria toppling from her throne and a gigantic figure stalking across Ireland beating a drum, "and there were flights and alarms and smoke and burnings; then after a silence the mountains flung up their rays as Brigid saw in her vision." Parnell would come again; or, if not Parnell, then surely a messiah yet unknown. In this atmosphere, men of intellect took Annie Besant seriously (she still lives, her name being what it was, in Yeats's Byzantium); they joined the Rosicrucians, the Theosophical Society, the Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn; each for a time thought he himself might be either the messiah or the forerunner of the messiah. Ireland was full of such dreams: Stephen Dedalus actually dreamed of Cranly as John the Baptist—"a decollated precursor trying to pick the lock"—himself, by implication, being the Savior.

This is the musty atmosphere of Thomas Mann's story "At the Prophet's"; from such vagaries we should not have expected anything serious to come. The miracle is that so much excellent work did come. That miracle is Mr. Howarth's subject. After an introductory chapter describing the political background and the intellectual-emotional atmosphere, he takes up the six most important writers in chronological order, giving in each case a brief résumé of his life, an extended

account of the interplay of his political attitudes and literary development, and a brilliant critical estimate of his quality and place as a writer. The final chapter assesses the overall significance of the movement.

Mr. Howarth seems to have read everything: not only all the variant editions, all the published letters, diaries, polemics, and reminiscences, and evidently all the scholarship on the period, but also unpublished letters and diaries and hitherto unquoted newspaper articles. Having assimilated such a rich variety of materials, and being sensitive to their implications for literature, he is able to make uncommon syntheses that afford his readers new insights into the novels, plays, poems, and short stories that are after all the basis of the book. It is a book of literary criticism primarily, of social and intellectual history only incidentally. Its chief value lies in the fact that, by viewing the texts from a new angle, it enables us to see in them things we had not seen before. Since the messianic hope is by nature a religious hope, the literature that sprang from it and fed it was essentially religious; each of the writers Mr. Howarth considers hoped to produce the new Ireland's sacred book. Reading their works as candidates for the honor, we understand them more clearly.

I do not mean to imply that Mr. Howarth is simply applying a formula, however ingenious, to works of art. He is quite aware of the values in Yeats's poetry that are poetic, independent of politics good or bad, irreducible, and inexplicable; he is sensitive to the literary quality of Moore's prose, of Synge's lilting plays, and even of AE's editorials. It is in fact his sensitivity to such things, and his own finely hammered style, that make him one of the best of contemporary critics.

J. Mitchell Morse

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Studien zum Saenaennorae: Altkoreanische Dichtung. Ein Beitrag zur Wertung der japanischen Studien über altkoreanische Dichtung. By Peter H. Lee. Munich: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1958. 165 p.

Studies in the Saenaennorae: Old Korean Party. By Peter H. Lee. Rome: Istituto Italiano per il Medio ed Estremo Oriente, 1959. 212 p. (Serie Orientale Roma XXII.)

Kranich am Meer: Koreanische Gedichte. By Peter H. Lee. Munich: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1959. 132 p., 6 plates.

Old Korean poetry is, I believe, completely unknown in the West even among Orientalists. A young Korean scholar who has studied at Yale, Fribourg, Milan, Florence, Oxford, and Munich and is now teaching at Columbia, has made it available both in English and German versions. Mr. Lee's Munich dissertation and an enlarged English version published in Rome present twenty-five Old Korean poems in transcription and translation, with an elaborate commentary and discussion. Some of these poems, fourteen to be precise, were first collected in 1279 and date back to the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries. The rest, eleven religious poems, are the work of a Buddhist Priest Kyunyŏ and were written between 963 and 967. In the English book, Mr. Lee includes also a translation of a life of the

Grand Priest Kyunyŏ written in 1075, which was discovered and published only in 1921. The difficulties of interpreting and translating these Old Korean poems are formidable, since they are preserved in Chinese characters only and have given rise to considerable scholarly dispute in the Korean and Japanese languages. I am not competent to judge Mr. Lee's success in solving the numerous textual and historical problems, but I can say that he has succeeded remarkably well in making his translations sound like English poems in the imagist tradition—somewhat dry, terse, even austere, "without emotional slither." One curious example may suffice:

> "Having caroused far into the night,
> In the moonlit capital,
> I return home and in my bed,
> Behold, four legs.
>
> Two have been mine:
> Whose are the other two?
> Two had been mine;
> No, no, they are taken."

What would seem a sudden flash into a scene of adultery must apparently, according to tradition, be interpreted as a song put into the mouth of Ch'ŏyong, the son of the Dragon King of the Eastern Sea, sometime in 879, who married a beautiful woman of good family. But an evil spirit changed himself into a man and attacked her while her husband was away. Ch'ŏyong, however, returned, saw them in bed, and calmly sang the song which so moved the spirit that he disappeared.

In *Kranich am Meer* Mr. Lee gives the same pieces in German verse without the learned apparatus but adds many more later poems, ninety-two in number, many from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and one as late as the beginning of the eighteenth. These have a greater formal variety and are often much longer. The attractive little book, illustrated by fine Korean paintings, contains a postscript which traces the history of Korean poetry and its four native genres lucidly and authoritatively. A similar anthology in English would be most welcome, since Mr. Lee obviously has not only the requisite scholarship but also taste and his own vein of limpid poetry.

Mr. Lee's three books are an important contribution to that dreamed-of ultimate, general poetics and history of poetry, in which all nations would be represented. Just such a nation as the Korean, which developed without Western contacts, offers most instructive material for a study of poetic themes and forms. A comparative poetics on a truly universal scale may be still a long way off; but the fact that there are young men in the new and reconstituted old nations who love the poetry of their country and can communicate in Western languages augurs well for the future expansion of comparative literature far beyond its well-worn grooves in the West.

R. W.

VARIA

Correspondence

DEAR SIR: In your issue XI (1959), No. 4, a review is published of my book: Georg Rabuse, *Der kosmische Aufbau der Jenseitsreiche Dantes*, in which the reviewer, H.H., dismisses it as "pretentious and pseudoscientific"... he might have dealt with, and, if possible, disproved the reasons which I adduce for my conclusions.

One sentence in the review, however, contains such a grossly false and in no way substantiated assertion that I feel obliged to draw your attention to it. H.H., referring to page 180 of my book says: "Old French sources are misinterpreted; words and expressions are not understood."

On page 180 I mention the Christian interpretation in *Ovide Moralisé* of the fable of Aktaion turned into a stag and chased by his dogs. According to *Ovide Moralisé* the Lord made the heavenly son assume human flesh "et tapir souz forme de serf" (book 3, v. 629). The meaning of this verse could be, of course: "and (made him) hide disguised as a slave." But it is just as obvious (and therefore not specially pointed out in my book) that to the author of *Ovide Moralisé* there is the possibility of a pun: "serf" = "servus," but also "serf" = "cervus" = stag, which is the whole point of the Christian interpretation of the Aktaion episode. That the stag (= Christ) is facing the dogs (= Jews) is proved by verse 660 (*Ovide Moralisé*, book 3) which is quoted in my book and especially spaced: "Mes li Juif pire que chiens / Lor mestre et lor Dieu mescognurent."

The assertion of the reviewer that I did not properly understand *Ovide Moralisé* and did not know my Old French may therefore be regarded as incorrect, as I cannot possibly find on the page referred to by the reviewer any other passage liable to misinterpretation...

I request you to publish a short note disproving the defamatory assertion of the reviewer.

Yours very truly,
GEORG RABUSE

DEAR SIR: I sincerely regret to have hurt Dr. Rabuse by calling his study pretentious and pseudoscientific. It is difficult to voice disagreement without being clear and therefore outspoken. As to my criticism of Dr. Rabuse's understanding of the text *Ovide Moralisé*, book 3, v. 629, I certainly only meant the passage involved and did not mean that Dr. Rabuse misinterpreted the whole work or the Aktaion episode in its Christian symbolism. I fully agree with Dr. Rabuse's moderate statement that "tapir souz forme de serf" may offer the *possibility* of a pun: "tapir sous forme de cerf." I cannot see, however, that—by a symbolism particularly dear to Dr. Rabuse—the expression of line 660, i.e., thirty-one lines later: "li Juif pire que chiens," which I consider a *locution figée*, can mean in this context that the Jews are dogs pursuing Christ "sous forme de cerf." If pointing out to a critic that he might have become a prey to the intricacies of Old French pseudo-

phonetic writing is a "defamatory assertion," I am the first to retract and to declare that I regret my statement provoked by the lack of clarity in Dr. Rabuse's exposé.

H. H.

Announcements

In memory of one of its most famous teachers, Harvard University has recently established the Irving Babbitt Professorship of Comparative Literature. Babbitt (1865-1933) was Professor of French at Harvard for more than thirty years; but his principal courses formed the staple of Harvard's offering in comparative literature, while his books and articles stimulated more discussion about the romantic movement, the history of criticism, and Western understanding of Oriental thought. The first incumbent of the new chair, Dr. Harry Levin, was one of Babbitt's last pupils. Professor Levin's inaugural lecture, delivered on November 7, 1960, was devoted to "Irving Babbitt and the Teaching of Literature." Those who are interested in this address may secure copies gratis by writing to: The Office of the President, Massachusetts Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts.

The Third Congress of the International Comparative Literature Association will meet at the University of Utrecht (Netherlands) August 21-26, 1961. The two themes of the Congress will be (1) the literatures of nonuniversal languages, and (2) the definition of some literary terms and problems of methodology associated with the preparation of a dictionary of literary terminology.

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Cruickshank, John. Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt. New York: Oxford University Press, 1960. xxii, 249 p.

Earle, Peter G. Unamuno and English Literature. New York: Hispanic Institute, 1960. 160 p.

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Grossmann, Rudolf (editor). Spanische Gedichte aus acht Jahrhunderten. Bremen: Carl Schünemann Verlag, 1960. xxxviii, 469 p.

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Mazzeo, Joseph Anthony. Medieval Cultural Tradition in Dante's Comedy. Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 1960. xii, 260 p.

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Morgenstern, Irvin. The Dimensional Structure of Time. New York: Philosophical Library, 1960. viii, 174 p.

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Pongs, Hermann. Franz Kafka Dichter des Labyrinths. Heidelberg: Wolfgang Rothe Verlag, 1960. 136 p.

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Riasanovsky, Nicholas V., and Gleb Struve (editors). California Slavic Studies, Vol. I. Berkeley: University of California Press, 1960. vi, 196 p.

Samié, Midhat. Les Voyageurs francais en Bosnie a la fin du xviii^{e} siècle et au début du xix^{e} et le pays tel qu'ils l'ont vu. Paris: Didier, 1960. 285 p.

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